The Nation

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The Week

Mr. Asquith's references to the Mexican embroilment, in his Guildhall speech Monday night, are the most significant and hopeful development, touching that difficulty, which the past week has brought forth. The British Prime Minister's explicit statement destroyed a whole brood of lying rumors. The correspondents from Mexico have been inventing all kinds of malign British activity in secret opposition to President Wilson's Mexican policy. It was English support and English gold that were stiffening Huerta, while greedy British concessionnaires lurked around the corner. But none of this stuff and nonsense can get a hearing again after Mr. Asquith's clear utterance. In the plainest words he asserted that Great Britain had no thought of taking a line of her own in Mexico; that his Government admitted to the full the primary obligation of the United States to take the lead in seeking to restore peace to that distracted republic; and that he was ready to coöperate with President Wilson in the heartiest way. Moreover, Mr. Asquith's language conveyed a scarcely concealed warning to Gen. Huerta. The Prime Minister declared that the recognition of the Provisional President of Mexico last March was purely routine. This was before the United States Government had made, or had had an opportunity to make, any announcement of policy. But since then there has been an exchange of views between Washington and London, with the result, after "the freest and frankest discussion," of "the most perfect cordiality." The Prime Minister could hardly have gone further in notifying Gen. Huerta that, if he was counting upon any sort of diversion in his favor by Great Britain, he was doomed to disappointment.

Nor is there any reason to doubt that France and Germany are taking in all this business the same friendly and helpful attitude as England. Diplomatic negotiations of the kind undertaken by President Wilson must have involved an exchange of views all round; and it is only reasonable to assume that what England has agreed to has also obtained the assent of France and Germany. The concern of those two countries in Mexico is entirely non-political. They have highly important commercial interests there, but it will be enough for them, as Mr. Asquith states the case for England, that the United States will have full regard for legitimate foreign investments in Mexico. Naturally the continued disturbances in that country have caused much disquietude in Europe. In the *Economiste Français* for November 1 no less an authority than Paul Leroy-Beaulieu asserts that the Mexican situation weighs upon the financial markets of the world almost as heavily as that in the Balkans. This must be three-quarters prophecy to one-quarter of actuality, if we may judge by the evidence obtainable from the financial markets themselves. But there can be no doubt that prolonged anarchy in Mexico, or a war with the United States, would have serious consequences of a financial sort in Europe. All the more auspicious, then, is the evidence that President Wilson has been able to assure the European Governments that their Mexican interests will be safe in his hands.

The usual post-election diagnosis of the condition of the Progressive patient has now been made, and the following bulletins have been issued:

> The Bull Moose party has breathed its last.—Dr. La Follette.
>
> The Progressive party is the only one with strength intact.—Dr. Johnson.

If anybody is so peculiar as not to be satisfied with either of these analyses, there is nothing to prevent him from making one of his own. Dr. Johnson backs up his verdict with a bit of reasoning. The question in Massachusetts was, he says, Which party shall survive, the Republican or the Progressive? "Massachusetts answered in no uncertain tones." Well, Gardner and Bird divided 244,000 votes between them in such a way that the Progressive got 11,000 more than the Republican, while Gardner's associates ran from 50,000 to 75,000 ahead of their Progressive opponents. There does not seem to be anything so terribly conclusive about that answer—except, indeed, that neither party has the slightest chance to elect a Governor in that once well-nigh impregnable Republican stronghold. La Follette is on surer ground when he terms the Progressive movement nothing more than a protest, although he goes further than many will be able to follow him in declaring that the Progressive vote a year ago was not a Roosevelt vote. Yet few will deny that the party is on the wane, with reunion with the Republicans its only path to victory.

Attorney-General McReynolds has ruled against the sub-section in the tariff act which provides for a 5 per cent. discount on duties upon goods imported in American bottoms, and his decision will probably be generally accepted as settling the matter. Yet there is a possibility of its being contested in court; and this possibility rests on a wider basis than might at first sight be supposed. The Attorney-General's opinion, as stated by the Secretary of the Treasury, is "that the 5 per centum discount to American vessels only cannot be given without impairing the stipulations of existing treaties between the United States and various other Powers, and that consequently the sub-section, by the expressed terms of the proviso, is inoperative." If this opinion is sound—as it almost certainly is—well and good; but if, by any chance, it should be pronounced erroneous, this would seem plainly to involve the consequence that not only goods imported in American bottoms, but also those that come in the ships of almost every commercial nation in the world, would be entitled to the discount. This was manifestly not in the least the intention of Congress, and the courts would doubtless so rule; but since that intention will be defeated in one way if the Attorney-General's opinion stands and in another way if it fails, would it not be mere commonsense to repeal the sub-section at once?

The President last Thursday heard protests against the segregation now going on in the departments at Washington. Like Mr. McAdoo, he took the ground that reports in the press as to

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this drawing of the color line were greatly exaggerated—except that Mr. McAdoo, in the same breath, also denied it altogether. But at the very hour that Mr. McAdoo was saying this, the segregation going on in the office of the auditor for the Post Office was completed, the sixth division's colored and white clerks being separated at that time. Mr. Wilson's plea that there has not been much segregation thus far is wholly beside the point. If only ten clerks were segregated, it would be a cause for a national protest, because it would be an entering wedge for the establishment of caste in the Government service. No one can say what this precedent set by Mr. Wilson's Administration will lead to. As the Chicago *Tribune* puts it:

> Segregating negroes is unjust. It deepens the line of social discrimination against them. It officializes race prejudice. It is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, to say nothing of the work of President Wilson's political patron saint, the Declaration of Independence. It has no such pragmatic justification as may be urged for white supremacy when the want of education and moral discipline among the negroes makes their dominance dangerous. It is race prejudice in its least defensible form.

The compromise award of approximately 7 per cent. increase of wages, granted by the Trainmen's Arbitration Board, is about what was generally expected. The basis of the public's approval must be chiefly confidence in the good will and the good sense of the two neutral arbitrators, Seth Low and John H. Finley. This confidence is expressed in the strongest language by the representatives of the railways on the Arbitration Board in the introductory remarks of their dissenting opinion. There is force in some of the criticisms made by the dissenting members. Against the Board's statement that "it cannot be controlled by the argument for standardization, although it may be influenced by it," the dissenting opinion flatly declares that "standardization is chimerical and uneconomic"; and if this dictum is directed against the opinion stated by the Board that because rates of pay are uniform throughout the country in the railway mail service the railways should aim at conforming with this practice, we think the dissent is well grounded. The dissentients point out that the Board rejected the trainmen's plea of increased risk, finding that in point of fact risk has decreased. But on the subject of the increased cost of living, the dissenting opinion contents itself with saying that this has not been sufficient to justify the increase granted. In this it is probably mistaken.

This increase in the expenses of the roads, following not only upon previous wage-increases, but also upon the insistent demand of the public for greater safety of travel, must necessarily bring very sharply to the front the claim of the companies for higher rates. The question is to come up before the Interstate Commerce Commission on Monday, November 24. The state of general opinion on the subject is very different now from what it was two or three years ago. The Board points towards an increase of rates as a consequence of its award. In addition to the increase in their pay-roll, the companies, if they are to satisfy the just demands of the public for greater safety and for other needed improvement, must expend great sums on rolling stock and road-bed; and it must not be forgotten that a serious enhancement of the cost of these things comes from the high rates of interest prevailing in comparison with former years. In the opposite scale of the balance, it is true, must be placed the constant tendency of the increasing scale of their business to reduce cost per unit; and it is only when a balance is struck between these things that a conclusion can fairly be reached as to whether an increase is justified.

Illinois is again undergoing agitation for amendment of its peculiarly rigid Constitution. By this it is bound against submitting amendments to more than one article at a time. Yet the provision was not inserted in the Illinois Constitution through carelessness. In the thirties, the State was sharing the mania for internal improvements that afflicted its neighbors. In 1837 the Legislature authorized appropriations of $10,000,000 for this purpose. With a population of 500,000, it accumulated a debt of $14,000,000. Small wonder, then, that the Constitutional Convention of 1848 sought to tie the Legislature hand and foot. When the Convention of 1870 assembled, the Legislature had been running wild in another direction. It passed private laws by the thousand. Some one said of it: "The Legislature meets in ignorance, sits in corruption, and dissolves in disgrace." Again the framers of the Constitution did not feel like entrusting it with too much power. The result has been that, as last year, advocates of rival amendments have blocked one another, and the Constitution has steadily become antiquated. A new Convention is urged. The simplest move would be to amend the over-rigid article, and thus permit the submission of a group of amendments at the same time, if necessary.

The Gargantuan appetite of a great university for money claims justification in the case of Columbia by something better than its recent growth and demonstrable physical needs. The report of President Butler emphasizes, not statistics of registration and expenditures, but the thoroughness and variety of the University's service. President Butler can point with pride, on the one hand, to the concern felt for the character, preparation, and homogeneity of the 800 students of Columbia College and the 600 of Barnard; to the productive scholarship of his faculty; to their stimulating relations with the universities of the Old World. On the other, he points out that the enrolment of 3,602 students in the summer session, 1,684 in Teachers College, 1,828 in extension teaching, and 1,913 in evening technical classes, has brought the registration up to 13,120—an extraordinary total; that since in 1890 "the prosecution of policies of expansion" was formulated, public donations have risen from a mere driblet to the aggregate of $25,776,704; and that many of the 900 university officers are doing notable work in their association with governmental or voluntary enterprises of various sorts. Columbia, in other words, can go before the giving public upon a combination of the issue by which our State universities appeal to the taxpayer and that by which the most conservative Eastern colleges have always claimed their clientèle.

New York's growth as a centre of educational, scientific, and artistic activity has, in the past fifteen or twenty years, been even more striking than its growth in population and wealth. The latest manifestation in this general direction is the announcement, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, of a gift, by a member unnamed, of half a million

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dollars to provide a building for a proposed College of Commerce. This, with $200,000 which has been pledged by others for the same general purpose, but which, if the new offer is to be accepted, will go to the installation of a commercial and civic museum in the new building, will, so far as externals are concerned, assure a fine equipment for the new enterprise; the expense of maintaining the institution is, however, to be borne by the city, and accordingly its actual establishment becomes a true question of municipal policy.

The British party newspapers, in their comment on Saturday's two bye-elections, have struck the familiar note. A bye-election that goes against the Government is to the "ins" a matter of small significance, but to the "outs" a tidal wave. At Reading the seat vacated by the new Lord Chief Justice has been lost by the Liberals to the Unionists. In Scotland the Liberals have succeeded in holding a seat, but by a majority reduced from more than 2,000 to about 500. The Unionists are asserting that Home Rule has turned the country against the Government. But a plain factor in at least one election was the unfortunate split in the Liberal-Labor coalition. In 1910 Sir Rufus Isaacs won the seat at Reading that he has now vacated by a vote of 5,094 against 4,995, a slim majority of 99. On Saturday the Liberals had a Socialist-Labor candidate as well as a Unionist against them. The Liberal and Socialist candidates together polled, by an odd coincidence, just 5,094 votes. It is true that even against both, the Unionist would have had a majority of 50 votes. But the change from a Liberal majority of 99 to a Unionist majority of 50 would hardly have seemed revolutionary. Yet partisans do not go into these niceties, and there can be no doubt that the loss of Reading will be felt by the Liberals as a severe blow.

Political discussion in England is not so much superior to what we know in this country in the matter of sticking to the point. There as surely as here, if a critical press or party opponents can pick a minor flaw in the speech of a public man or the policy of the Government, everything else is for the time forgotten. The latest illustration of this is the reception accorded Lloyd George's address on the reform of the English land laws. The subject is one of vast importance, and it was dealt with by Mr. George in a serious and solid manner. But in the course of his speech, where he was touching upon the damage done to crops by game preserves, he spoke of pheasants eating turnips. Instantly the cry broke out. The man was utterly mistaken. Pheasants had never been known so much as to peck at turnips. Lloyd George replied, adducing information given him by two or three farmers. Their experience, however, appears to have been unusual. As a rule, pheasants do not eat turnips. But the thing has gone on resounding through England as if it were all that Lloyd George had talked about. No, there was one thing more. He had alluded to the large amounts of land taken out of cultivation to make deer parks. But what about the land used up in golf links? Never a word about this from Lloyd George, and he a golfer! Was there ever so huge an inconsistency? This flank attack, too, he sought to repel, but the mischief had been done. Pheasants and golf-links! One would think that the whole land debate in England had come down to those two words. Yet the English are so sober and consequent in their political discussions! If it had been Americans, now, or the flighty Irish!

Having recently, in his official capacity, to unveil a statue, Mr. Augustine Birrell made the suggestion that the time might come when orators would be employed to go about the streets of great cities and *veil* statues. It would be the duty of such speakers to show cause why the effigy of this or that public man, too hastily erected, should no longer encumber the view, and lead wondering visitors to ask why it was ever set up at all. If Mr. Birrell were to extend his humorous proposal to the point of abolishing statues on the score of their artistic offence, he would find many to second his motion. New York could furnish quite a crop of statues as fit candidates for taking the veil, and Washington many more. Yet when a speaker at a meeting of artists in Washington declared that the capital had more sculptured ugliness than any city in the world, Mr. Bryce protested, affirming that he could not, as a patriotic Englishman, allow that supremacy to be denied to London.

Champions of Latin nowadays are used to shocks; they are constantly hearing of the decay of Latin in Western high schools, or the colleges. But they must feel more than the usual pang in reading the news that Uruguay has legislated the subject out of her schools. Worst of all, the dispatch has reminded the editor of the *South American* that in the schools of Venezuela and Colombia alone does Latin survive in vigor. Various reasons are assigned for its abandonment in the rest of "Latin-America." The question of state and church is involved; while the practical motive is strong upon the Spanish-American, whose chief ambition is to be "modern." Of course, some were reluctant to recognize Latin as an antique. "Many educators fought valiantly for its retention. Some states wavered in their policy; under one régime it was abolished; under another restored, only to be cast out again when its opponents returned to power. Argentina fluctuated many years in her policy; Chili has but recently discarded the subject." Even an institution like the University of Buenos Ayres, we are told, uses Latin only as an adjunct to the scientific study of Romance grammar.

President Yuan Shi-Kai's election by a majority of the Chinese Parliament has already been followed by the expulsion of its rebellious wing, numbering 300 members. This came after an attempted curtailment of Yuan's power by the new Constitution, and thus lends color to the predictions that he would carry things with a strong hand. Ex-President Eliot has recently come back from the East with a clear sense of the need of harmony in China. Granted this, he says, and the Government "can carry on safely any kind of republic. There has always been in Chinese manners and customs a large element of democracy; the people have been accustomed to a good degree of local self-government; Chinese official life was open to all sorts of people on a high educational test; and, finally, the Chinese are patient, industrious, honest, and chiefly concerned, each man and each family, with their own affairs." Bad as a despotism would be, the want of a strong government would be worse

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THE CASE OF PINDELL.

I think you have a little daughter. Think what it would mean to her all the remainder of her life to say that her father had been Minister to Russia, and of all the honor that will go with it to the third and fourth generations!

In these touching words did that great statesman, Senator Lewis of Illinois, offer an important governmental post to one of his country-editor supporters, Pindell, of Peoria, the "original Illinois Wilson man." But this did not comprise the whole of Lewis's lure to Pindell. "You will meet with the delightful companionship of the English and other officers connected with the various legations at St. Petersburg, and would be socially and officially treated as my letters to those abroad would serve you." If the Senator had been Mr. Bryan himself, the thing could not have been better done, more grandly; and when after all this Senator Lewis informed Pindell of Peoria that he would only need to serve for a year; that he could live at a hotel during this period, and not bother with any Embassy dwelling; that the State Department would see to it that there should "be no treaties to adjudicate and no political affairs to bother with," and that "trips to Berlin and Vienna and the other capitals of Europe, and also Stockholm, and perhaps to Copenhagen, and all the attendant delights that go with such trips" would be thrown in, naturally Pindell yielded. What mortal man could have resisted such a temptation?

If the prospect painted by Senator Lewis was thus irresistibly alluring, we confess that there is one thing that puzzles us. Why should the Ambassadorship have been forced on Pindell of Peoria more than another? We can understand, of course, that the State Department could not resist giving J. Hamilton Lewis the disposal of one of its Ambassadorships; sooner or later every one in public life turns to this talented Senator for aid and counsel. And then we have become accustomed to regard the diplomatic service of the United States as the roosting place of the *nouveaux riches*, and as the means of paying political debts. But that does not help to explain why it was so important that Peoria should have an Ambassador all for its own, why it should be Pindell of Peoria, and not Snook of Aurora, or Gould of Bone Gap, or Holt of Kankakee, or Lennie Elouise Hazel of the Coal City (Ill.) *Courant*—if one must have Illinois editors for Russia. But since Mr. Pindell was to promise to resign on October 14, 1914, after tasting the delights of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Vienna, it may be that three of these other fellow-journalists of ours are to be successively nominated to see Europe at Uncle Sam's expense, and for the glory of their little daughters unto the third and fourth generations.

Now, all of this has its attractive and its humorous side; but, seriously speaking, does not this case of Pindell approximate a scandal for the Wilson Administration? Needless to say, we acquit the President of any knowledge of Mr. Lewis's letter; probably he knew nothing about the request that Pindell should resign within a year; to him may only have been told that dread political and party secret as to why it must be Pindell of Peoria, and that Mr. Bryan wished this appointment made. But it is undeniable that Mr. Wilson's appointments to the diplomatic service have as a whole been cruelly disappointing. He came into office in debt to no politicians or bosses, and with a long record of fidelity to the principle of merit in the civil service as the only proper basis for appointment and promotion; yet he seems to have yielded to political pressure much as if he were Taft or McKinley or Roosevelt. The old tradition of the use of the diplomatic offices as party rewards is not yet broken. We do not overlook or fail to give Mr. Wilson credit for such excellent appointments as those of Messrs. Walter Page and Henry Van Dyke. But these are offset by the choice of men like Messrs. Gerard and Penfield, who, whatever their fitness, were latterly chiefly conspicuous for the size of their campaign contributions.

We have had loud and numerous protests against Mr. Morgenthau's selection for Turkey, not because of any unfitness—he is conspicuously fit in many ways—but because he was the man who raised the funds for the Wilson campaign, and our growingly sensitive public conscience does not like to see the man who financed the campaign rewarded with high office. It is too much like payment for services rendered. Some of these selections have suggested the thought that Mr. Wilson was mindful of the old Princeton charges, in the days of bitter controversy, that he did not stand by his friends. The case of Pindell is to us inexplicable from any point of view. Ours is a long-suffering public; it has been accustomed to seeing misfits in our legations abroad and to smiling at the extravagances of those who sought them for social reasons or for the sake of display. But in this case, we fancy the public's smile will be a little wry.

SHOULD THE CURRENCY BILL BE AMENDED?

The time has now clearly arrived when the programme for legislation on the banking and currency bill should be definitely settled, in regard to the question whether or not the House measure should be carefully reconsidered, with a view to further perfecting it in administrative details, and to correcting any provisions which are shown to be handicaps to its efficient operation. If such a programme were to be adopted, it would be evidence that the bill is not expected to pass in the extra session, of which barely two weeks remain. If the bill were to be made law within that period, its consideration by the Senate committee, its report by that committee to the Senate, its debate on the Senate floor (where debate is unrestricted by the rules), its reference to a conference committee of both houses, the action of that committee on the sections which differ in the House and Senate bills, the debate and action of both houses on the conference report—all of these numerous stages would have to be completed by November 29.

Such an achievement would be possible, we imagine, only if the Senate committee were to report an unamended bill, or one with merely nominal amendments. The matter therefore rests, so far as regards the interests of sound legislation, on the question whether or not the existing House bill needs to be extensively amended. Our own judgment is that a number of highly important amendments are required.

We believe that, in at least three essential particulars, the bill requires amendment: in the number of regional banks, in the composition of the Federal reserve board and its relation to the Advisory Council, and in the language of the note-issue section. Furthermore, it

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is probable that the bill, in order to work properly, must be amplified or amended in its provisions for the Government bonds behind the present bank circulation, and in its detailed arrangements as to the manner of preparing the proposed new notes, of prescribing their denominations, and of guarding against mutilation or counterfeit. This last-mentioned class of stipulations—embodied with great care in the existing National Bank act—are singularly lacking in the House bill.

The question of the number of regional banks is not merely a matter of arithmetical or geographical preference. It involves the problem into how many separate banking districts the country could be divided without creating a number of districts whose respective banking power and capital resources would be so far inferior, compared with a district containing one or more great commercial centres, as to leave the regional banks of the weaker districts at a perpetual disadvantage. The argument that this result would be inevitable, with a dozen separate institutions of the sort, seems to us very strong. It should appeal particularly to people who expect to check the tendencies of the "Money Power." For in proportion as the interior districts are made relatively powerful by a larger area and more diversified industry, population, and resources, covered by each of them, to precisely that extent would be avoided the disparity arising from the concentration of trade resources and accumulated wealth in the Eastern cities.

The sweeping powers of the national board itself are conferred with entirely too little reservation or restriction. With Mr. Aldrich's theory that this Federal Reserve Board would manage the country's banking business, we do not agree. Its larger powers are clearly designed for use in financial emergencies. But for that very reason, the hasty, impulsive, or unwise exercise of those powers (such as we have witnessed often enough in the exercise of the Treasury's discretionary powers over the money market) should be guarded against with the utmost care. It is not necessary that bankers should have a dominating voice in the national board; but it is, in our judgment, absolutely essential that people directly in touch with the financial and business situation should participate officially in its deliberations.

The Bankers' Convention thought that a minority membership in the board itself, chosen by the regional banks, would solve the problem. The alternative of admitting to all meetings of that board (though without a vote) the Advisory Council similarly chosen, in order that their judgment might be surely obtained, has appealed to us more strongly. Regarding the composition of the board itself, the argument has of late been pressed that the three Government officers, now proposed for it, ought not to be included. It has been urged that, as regards the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of Agriculture, membership would mean imposing on men already exceptionally busy with other matters, and often overworked, the burden of these new responsibilities, and that, in the case of the Controller of the Currency, it amounts to placing on the board the public officer who should be its agent. This is the theory of the present National Bank law. That question, and the question whether the eight-year term, now provided for members of the board, ought not to be extended, deserve consideration.

With the objection of Mr. Vanderlip and others to the pending bill's description of the proposed new notes as "obligations of the Government," "issued for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks, and for no other purpose," we entirely concur, but not on the grounds assigned by Mr. Vanderlip. His argument that the notes are fiat money, because, though a "loan to regional banks," they "have no reserve whatever provided by the Government," leads nowhere at all. Real fiat-money issues are forced loans, made because it is inconvenient for a Government to borrow otherwise, and because a Government's creditors can be forced by law to take the notes. But even assuming the assertion of the bill to be correct, as Mr. Vanderlip appears to do, that the notes are loans by Government to banks, we should have a queer inversion of the fiat-money theory. As a simple matter of fact, they are not fiat money; nor are they Government "advances" to the banks. They are simply notes whereby the banks are permitted, on the basis of rigidly prescribed reserve, collateral, and redemption guarantees, openly to borrow from the public for the purpose of providing convenient but temporary instruments of exchange. The language of the act which describes this operation differently from the description of the issue of national banknotes in the existing law, is mere jugglery with words and definitions, and ought to be either radically changed or stricken entirely from the law which it defaces.

DEMOCRATIC REORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK.

All that has happened since election day confirms the first vivid impression made by the great rout of Murphy and his crew—namely, that Tammany has become impossible as the synonym of the Democratic party in New York city. The Hall has usurped the name, but only to sully it. The burden of Tammany has long been grievous to honest Democrats, in and out of New York, and now they feel that it is too great to be borne. In some way or other, the party must cut itself loose from the Wigwam. The sentiment in favor of this is to-day cumulative. It was first reflected in the press. Then came President Wilson's telegram congratulating Mayor-elect Mitchel, "with all my heart." This could not but be taken as highly significant. On the face of it, a Democratic President was cheering on a man who had badly defeated the Democratic party in New York city—the only party, at least, so entitled to call itself on the official ballot. But behind the form of words everybody could see that the President must be rejoicing over the downfall of men who were merely masquerading as Democrats, and that he was looking forward to a rescue of the party name from vile associations. The publication of his telegram to Mr. Mitchel at once gave an added impulse to the movement for thoroughgoing Democratic reorganization in New York.

Some of the early suggestions of ways and means struck wildly. Tammany was to be "destroyed" out of hand. But this could hardly mean that 250,000 voters were somehow to be compelled to declare that they would never again support a Tammany ticket. Others proposed that Tammany should be "reformed," preferably "from the inside." Murphy was to be made to walk the plank, and some gentleman in hiding in the hold of the ship brought out to take command. But this could impose on only a few. Those who have wintered

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and summered with Tammany know that the more you reform it, the more it remains the same thing. There have been several "new" Tammanies within the past twenty-five years, but each one has presently reminded the city of the evil spirit that went into the house, swept and garnished, taking with him seven devils worse than himself. Tammany reformed from the inside would be either a farce or a tragedy. Tammany's "inside" is the last thing that it would be wise to exhibit to a city already nauseated by the outside!

Even the more astute Tammany men see this, and are thinking of themselves dropping the name. They perceive that it taints everything it touches, that it is a drag to the Democratic party in State and nation alike; and they now have the happy thought of simply leaving it off their letter-heads and their party calls. But if the thing remains, the getting rid of the name will amount to nothing. It is the Tammany spirit, not its nomenclature, that the city is now roused against. What decent Democrats are asked to drive out and supplant is a corrupt organization, which would smell no sweeter by another name, or without any name at all. And there is a growing conviction that the work is to be done by organizing a Democratic party in the city entirely independent of Tammany Hall. It is not a question of a temporary protest, or of a factional secession—such as was too much the character of the Irving Hall Democracy, and even the County Democracy—but of a broad and comprehensive and persistent effort to band together reputable Democrats in New York. Their hope would be, of course, to make of themselves so strong and permanent a political force that they could, before long, carry the party primaries and win the right to be known officially as the Democratic party. But there should be no illusions about the nature of the work that it will be necessary to do. It will be no holiday task. The best brains and the finest organizing and executive ability that can be procured will be requisite; and while no time must be lost in beginning to plan and invite co-operation, a great deal of time will have to be spent on the complex details and the arduous execution.

City Democrats could be immensely helped by a reorganized Democratic party up the State; and there are signs that Tammany will soon be compelled to retract its claws from above the Bronx. All that Gov. Glynn has thus far said, with all that he has done, implies that he is keenly alive to the importance of an up-State Democracy wholly independent of Tammany. This was for years the policy of the ablest Democratic leaders in New York. Little by little it was lost sight of, and under Gov. Dix it was frittered away. If Gov. Glynn is able to restore it, as there is every indication that he will endeavor to do, he will deserve well both of his party and of the State. Certainly, the elements for a new Democratic alignment, throughout the interior of the State as well as in this city, lie ready to the hands of intelligent and honest party managers. It is a golden opportunity. If availed of as it should be, Democrats of New York will be enabled to hold up their heads again, as in the days of Tilden and Cleveland; and if Tammany is finally reformed altogether, there will be thousands of Democrats in other States—and some even in Washington—who will rejoice to see the curse removed.

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIANS.

With the death of Alfred Russel Wallace there disappears the last of that great breed of men with whose names the glory of the Victorian era is inseparably bound up. The reign of Queen Victoria extended from 1837 to 1901; but it is with a group of men all of whom were in the full vigor of their powers during the two decades from 1850 to 1870 that we associate the idea of the Victorian age as a distinctive epoch. If, in the mind's eye, we could marshal the long procession of their departing figures, it would be indeed an impressive array. The line—unless we were to go back to Macaulay, who died in 1859—stretches back just half a century from the present date, for it begins with Thackeray, whose death, at the age of fifty-two, took place in 1863; and then came in succession—to name only the most shining figures—Dickens and Mill and George Eliot and Carlyle and Darwin and Browning and Tennyson and Gladstone and Spencer. Wallace, surviving in the full enjoyment of his intellectual and spiritual energy to the age of nearly ninety-one, is now no more, and he was the last of the line.

It cannot be said that Wallace took as large a place in the story of his time, that he was as potent an influence in its life or in the moulding of its thought, as any of the illustrious ten the roll of whose names we have just called. This is true in spite of his undisputed claim to independent and simultaneous promulgation, with Darwin, of a discovery which forms one of the landmarks in the history of human thought. The doctrine of natural selection was conceived and expressed as clearly by Wallace as by Darwin; and, had there been no Darwin, quite possibly the name of Wallace would be attached to it. Yet by no means certainly; for, though Wallace, too, supported the theory by a rich store of observed facts, the dominating element in its conquest of the world of science was that marvellous array of varied evidence, collected with infinite patience, analyzed with rare precision, and discussed in an exemplary spirit of scientific impartiality, which, beginning with the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859, formed the unrivalled distinction of Darwin's work.

As for the attitude of these two scientific wortnies towards each other, the history of thought might be searched in vain for anything more ideal. Never has there been more absolute contemporaneity in the announcement of a great discovery; and yet never has there been a more complete absence of jealousy or strife. Neither of the men seems ever to have cast so much as a breath of doubt on the merit of the other. In Wallace's latest book, written after the close of his ninetieth year, the names Darwin and Darwinism are used with a total absence of *arrière pensée*—without the slightest hint that the fame which has accrued almost entirely to Darwin alone ought in justice to be shared with a greater approach to equality by his fellow-discoverer; and Darwin's attitude was equally high-minded. And this record derives added interest from its contrast with what happened in the case of a greater than Darwin. Newton was not less high-minded than Darwin, not less superior to the ordinary jealousies of scientific rivalry; but through the overzeal of friends he was dragged into a controversy with Leibnitz over the invention of the infinitesimal calculus which gave rise to much

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bitterness, but which the judgment of posterity has unmistakably settled by recognizing the full claim of each to the honor of independent discovery.

Wallace's equal share in the original promulgation of the doctrine of the origin of species by means of natural selection is his most signal title to fame; but it is by no means the measure either of his scientific achievements or of his general powers. Indeed, in ranking him among the truly notable figures of his generation, one thinks not so much of his most famous achievement, but rather of the wide sweep of his scientific labors, the freshness and originality of his outlook, the vigor and energy of his attack on all manner of questions relating to man and society, and a certain quality of largeness which marks his style as it does that of the great Victorians generally. In one respect, he stands perhaps alone among them, though it is natural to couple with him in this two others of very different type. We refer to the zeal with which Wallace, even in extreme old age, looked forward to the salvation of mankind in a not too distant future through radical changes in the institutions of human society. In John Stuart Mill, the hope and purpose of human betterment burned with a steady flame throughout his life; the salient feature of Gladstone's career was the process, the reverse of that witnessed in most men, by which he gradually passed from extreme conservatism to the most advanced liberalism consistent with the English ideal of safe and orderly progress. Wallace's temper was wholly different from that of either the philosopher or the statesman; nor was it, in relation to human affairs, the temper of the man of science. His dicta, both upon the wretchedness of the present in comparison with the past and upon the possibilities of the future in comparison with the present, are guided rather by a noble, but almost blind, enthusiasm than by the clear light of reason.

It is more than half a century since the epoch-making paper embodying the conclusions of Darwin and Wallace was read to the Linnæan Society. The doctrine of natural selection had to fight its way to general adoption, but before very long it acquired supreme dominion; and this not only in the biological sciences, but in almost every domain of human thought. During the period of its struggle for acceptance, the greatest difficulty it encountered arose from the misunderstanding of its true meaning by scientific men who opposed it; in later times misunderstanding of its true meaning by unscientific men who have swallowed but not digested it has been productive of a not inconsiderable crop of shallow and mischievous judgments. In both these respects its history has been remarkably similar to that of the doctrine of Malthus, to whose work both Darwin and Wallace owed the first impulse towards their discovery. And the analogy holds pretty closely as to a further stage of the matter. That the doctrine of Malthus has been exploded a *thousand times, everybody knows*; but those who really know the doctrine know that what has been exploded is only a misunderstanding of it. The case with the Darwinian theory is somewhat different, as is natural in view of the infinitely greater complexity of the problem. The researches of the past fifty years, and especially of the past twenty, have undoubtedly made necessary many modifications of the views expressed by Darwin. They have brought about a considerable shifting of emphasis in this respect and that; and they have of course filled up great gaps which he left in the doctrine of heredity. But the essence of the matter remains as he left it, and even the modifications are in large measure of a kind that he allowed for. When a man talks of Darwin as a "back number," or the doctrine of natural selection as "exploded," it is pretty safe to set him down as one of those to whom the latest thing in the newspapers is the last word of science.

PANAMA AND SOCIALISM.

A familiar tag in current literature dealing with our achievements on the Isthmus of Panama is one which describes the building of the Canal as an impressive demonstration of Socialist theory. The Socialists, we must admit, have themselves been cautious in citing Panama as an argument in behalf of their economic and political principles. They are aware that it is an instance which cuts two ways. But the general public, to which Socialism is vaguely synonymous with the extension of governmental functions, seems to have been impressed by the record for zeal and efficiency which the Government, as its own contractor, has established on the Isthmus. The splendid system of sanitation which made the building of the Canal possible, the model housing for the American employees, the management of the food supply, have all been quoted as illustrations of what can be done by a nation which sets itself to a great task. The idealism of it all is the fact upon which Mr. Ray Stannard Baker has laid most stress in an article in the *American Magazine*. Efficiency and idealism undoubtedly have been manifested at Panama, but to what extent has Socialist theory really been justified?

By the Socialists themselves, government ownership and operation is not accepted as unqualifiedly tantamount to Socialism. The more advanced element among the Socialists has, as a matter of fact, come to look upon the entrance of the state into the economic field as a menace to the ultimate fulfilment of the Socialist ideal. What the average citizen looks upon as Socialism, these radicals are now in the habit of describing as "State Capitalism." In the extension of governmental functions in industry they profess to discover a serious danger to the emancipation of the working class and the establishment of true industrial democracy. What shall it avail them that the state take over the management of railways and mines and other public utilities, if the "classes" at present intrenched in power retain control of the state? The more conservative elements among the Socialists, those, for instance, at present in control of the Socialist party in this country, have no such fear of "State Capitalism"; but they, too, are careful to define the conditions in which state ownership can approach the Socialist ideal. In Socialist platforms and speeches the demand for the extension of government powers is now qualified by the phrase "under democratic control." The need for making a distinction between social democracy and benevolent despotism is plainly felt.

From this point of view the Panama Canal does not lend itself to the Socialist argument. It is precisely a benevolent despotism that has been functioning on the Isthmus. The results obtained have been obtained through a system

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of almost military discipline. Gifted autocrats like Col. Goethals and Col. Gorgas have imposed their standards on an army of workmen gathered from all corners of the earth. A benevolent Government has built model homes and hospitals and furnished the workers at Panama with much better food than the average inhabitant of the States can obtain, at prices lower than those which obtain in this country. Panama, therefore, is not an experiment in economic democracy, for the double reason that political and social conditions there have been regulated from above, and that it has been isolated from the play of economic forces which prevail in the world at large. If Government abattoirs could sell meat at lower rates to the people of any State than to the people of every other State in the Union, we should have a real parallel to Panama. And if popular elections would always give us a Goethals for the post of construction engineer and a Gorgas for sanitary engineer, the parallel would be still closer.

A nation's idealism may very well have been brought into play at Panama; and it may be that in the course of time the same spirit of idealism will be applied to the humdrum occupations of a people. But it may as well be recognized that idealism and efficiency are not necessarily coincident with democracy. New York could very probably be made a model city in a few years if Col. Goethals were installed as Mayor with absolute powers, if Col. Gorgas were placed in absolute charge of the Health and the Tenement-House Departments, and if Gen. Leonard Wood, let us say, were to receive an absolutely free hand with the police. This fact may well be kept in mind when we are asked to consider, as so frequently we are, the superior efficiency of municipal government in Europe. Eminently desirable as it would be to apply German standards of municipal foresight, economy, and honesty to our own city governments, it is a question whether this nation would welcome, or ought to welcome, such improvements at the cost of democratic initiative. It is the hope of our best citizenship that the standards of municipal government in this country can be raised without impairing the spirit of democracy. But it is certainly no argument in behalf of the possibility of such a consummation to speak of what has been accomplished by military methods at Panama.

CHAPTERS FROM IMPOSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

(From "Lotus Days," by Th-o-o-e Ro-s-v-lt.)

The ship was now stemming the swirling current of the La Plata. In another hour or two we should be in Buenos Ayres. I sighed. Those soft, languorous days under the southern sun were over. Life with its hurly-burly would have me in its grasp. I shuddered as I thought of what awaited me there in the restless metropolis—the throngs in the street; the noise: the confusion; the crowded halls; the salvos of applause; the lecture platform with the glare of the calcium lamp trained on the speaker's table; the frantic rush from the lecture hall to the hotel, to the City Hall, to the museum, to the aquarium, to the foundling asylum, to the railway station; the stuffy Pullman berth—the prospect terrified me. I smiled wistfully at the captain of the boat. He was a good man. Through a terrific three days' gale he had navigated his ship without a word of advice from me. From him I turned to my friend the archæologist, for whom I had formed a particular attachment. We had spent many hours together every day of the voyage, but I had told him nothing of the latest excavations in northern Arabia, of the funeral customs of the Aztecs, of the law of divorce among the Egyptians of the seventeenth dynasty. He used to beat me regularly at quoits and horse billiards, and I was happy to be defeated. Now it was all over. . . . The ship was swinging in to her dock. I looked down on the waiting crowd and discerned several young men with note books and lead pencils. "Gentlemen of the press," the captain whispered. I shuddered.

(From "Fragments and Embers," by E-m-l-ne P-nkh-rst.)

In the garden where I used to play during my long summer vacations there was a gay Chinese pagoda, where the grown-ups drank tea when the weather was fine. At other times it stood locked, as a precaution against us children. The Chinese pagoda was a palace of faery to us. There was just one window, a large window with many little panes of blue and red and yellow. We would climb up on chairs and peer through this window into the dim, mysterious interior. The window fascinated me. It seemed to shut off the common world we knew from a world of enchantment. It held me spellbound, but it frightened me, too. I was torn between the desire to find out what lay beyond the window and the fear that something might happen to those lovely little panes of glass. One day the village drunkard's son climbed over the garden wall. He picked up a stone and sent it crashing through the window. I shrieked and fled. To the present day I cannot hear the noise of broken glass without a rush of tears to my eyes.

(From "Confessions of a Vegetarian," by J-ck L-nd-n.)

My evolution into a lover of peanut-butter was predetermined from the first moment the cosmic life breathed into the plasmic germ that was destined through the æons to become Me. How otherwise explain this horror for blood which possesses me at the sight of a mutton chop? I am a Socialist, but my gorge will rise at the sight of the red flag, because it reminds me of raw beefsteak. As we eat, so shall we think. So long as humanity's molars go tearing through brawn and muscle and cartilage, how shall man attain the life of mystic contemplation, of surcease from struggle, of sublime acquiescence? So I reason as a man. As an author I find walnuts and whole wheat ideal. They give me the requisite energy for producing my novel once every four years, and my short stories twice a year. Life is made to dream. I sense the call of the cloister. To sink into the depths of contemplation, to reduce myself to the state of the abysmal thinker, that is all I have ever asked of life. The sharp staccato of my typewriter rasps my inner ear to the awful procession of the ages. My faith is unshaken in the ultimate Nirvana, where book royalties and moving-picture scenarios are as naught.

(From "Upward to the Light," by V-ct-r-a-o Hu-rta.)

Let me confess. I adore flowers; their color, their fragrance, the exquisite architecture of leaf and tendril and filament. My favorite flower is the lily, but they are all dear to me. In their infinite variety they are so many tiny silver voices swelling to a mighty chorus in praise of Creation—the true, the beautiful, the good. I have been at pains to master the symbolic language of flowers, the rose for loyalty, and the violet for self-sacrifice, and the primrose for tenderness and mercy, and the pansy for remembrance. Without flowers, without poetry, without music, life would be unendurable. I grudge the hours which I must spend away from my garden, harassed by the cares of state which fortune has thrust upon me.

RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ROME, October 23.

Since the death of Carducci and Pascoli, the last survivors of the great school of modern Italian poetry, no predominant figure has appeared in this field. Although a number of writers, some of them cultured and talented, continue to bring out slim volumes of verse, a very small part of this production is of a high order, or, indeed, can be held to rank as real poetry at all. "Volumes Written in Verse" is the sarcastic title of a review of recent Italian poetry by a severe but by no means unfair critic in the *Nuova Antologia*. Italy is not perhaps in much worse condition, in this dearth of poetical output, than are other countries to-day, and it should seem as though poetry were not the form of literary expression best adapted to modern life and ideas. One of the most sympathetic contemporary Italian poets is Angelo Orvieto, and in his latest volume, "Le Sette Leggende" (Milan: Treves), he tells seven romantic and symbolical tales in verse which, if

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not of the very first rank, is always distinguished, polished, and genuine, and has moments of real poetic feeling. Lamberto Carlini's "La Corona dei mesi" (Milan: Lanzini), a sort of poetical calendar of the months, dedicated in an odd and somewhat absurd preface to the author's late lamented grandfather, is not without some inspiration and freshness in the descriptions of the characteristic features of the different seasons. Franco Caracci's "Campane a Sera" (Palermo: Sandron) is an imitation of Pascoli, impregnated with melancholy, but lacking in clearness. Giuseppe Scalia, in his volume of "Rime" (Catania: Giannotta), aspires to imitate Carducci; he does not lack culture, and his sonnets give evidence of a sense of poetry, but he shows little originality. "I Canti dei Vecchi Goliardi," by Curio Mortari (Padova: Nuovi Goliardi), is the beginning of a lengthy account in verse of a somewhat complicated crime. Giovanni Orsini's ambitious "Poema di Lepanto" (Milan: Libreria editrice milanese) is so full of uncouth words and disused expressions that the author has found it advisable to append a glossary to his production. D'Annunzio did the same thing in his poems on the Turco-Italian war, and he is evidently finding imitators in this as in his other idiosyncrasies, but then D'Annunzio's war poems are really inspired poetry.

In the field of fiction, too, the output is not very abundant, and no novels of the first rank have appeared quite recently. Fogazzaro is dead, and D'Annunzio, since "Forse che sì, forse che no," has written nothing but plays in French verse and a few strange but powerful essays. The most interesting of recent Italian novels is perhaps Luciano Zuccoli's "La Freccia nel Fianco" (Treves). It is the story of a girl of refined feelings and originality brought up among opulent surroundings by worthy but extremely commonplace and bourgeois parents. Deprived of such human intercourse as was likely to attract her, she accidentally becomes the friend and confidant of a little boy of seven, the son of a brilliant, clever, extravagant *roué* and an irresponsible, sensuous, and equally spendthrift mother. The parents are separated, and each in turn has charge of the boy, who is hurried about from Paris to Vienna and from Milan to Monte Carlo, now living in a style of lavish luxury, now made to subsist in strict economy. Child as Brunello is, he understands instinctively how utterly impossible is this manner of life, and the author has depicted his mental development with rare insight, so that one is attracted by the portrait of the boy, who in less skilful hands might have become an insupportable prig. The girl Nicoletta loses her little companion, who is carried off from the villa where he was staying with his father, to Paris, and in due course, having refused the hand of a noble suitor whom she despised, marries a rich and kind-hearted manufacturer, with whom she lives happily for some years. Then Brunello appears on the scene once more, no longer a child, but a handsome, fascinating, highly cultured youth; the recollection of past comradeship cannot be cancelled—this is "the arrow in the side" whence the novel takes its name—and inevitably develops into a deeper and more dangerous feeling. Both feel this; Nicoletta declares that she could never survive if she were unfaithful to her husband, to whom she is really attached. Passion having at last overcome both moral scruples and reason, she keeps her vow and commits suicide. The *thèse* is a bold one, but Signor Zuccoli handles it with a sure touch and a thorough mastery of style; he begins in a gentle idyllic tone, the main plot being varied with descriptions of scenery and humorous episodes, but as he nears the end the tints become more sombre and the manner more dramatic, leading up to the final tragedy.

Grazia Deledda continues her cycle of Sardinian stories, which have now reached a considerable number, and her latest volume, "Canne al Vento" (Treves), is not very different from its predecessors. Her object seems to be the same throughout her literary career, viz., to make her readers understand the conditions of life in her native island, and the characters, necessities, and ideas of the people. Although the plots and episodes vary, the tone and coloring are always the same, always of the gloomiest and most melancholy; and in this we do not think that she is quite true to her subject. Sardinia is not the hopelessly depressing place she depicts it, nor are all its inhabitants so utterly without will power. In the novel under review the characters seem even more helpless than in the others; they are indeed *canne al vento*—reeds blown this way and that by the wind—and no one has the strength to fight against fate. Yet in the end, except for the strange, faithful old serving man, Efix, an almost Biblical personage, both in his mode of expression and in his way of thought, who dies amid the sound of wedding bells, the characters marry and presumably live happily ever after, if any one can ever be really happy in Grazia Deledda's gray world. The account of the wanderings of Efix, begging his way with two blind companions, from fair to fair and from *festa* to *festa*, is one of the most curious and powerful episodes in the book, and has more than a touch of Gorky; yet one is at a loss to understand why he ever set forth on his travels, or why, having done so, he ever returned.

Ricciotto Civinini's "Gente di Palude" (Treves) is another novel of local color, the scene being laid at Maccarese, a vast swampy district in the Roman Campagna, near the sea. Like most writers who deal with this part of the world, the author seems so filled with its overpowering natural features that he accentuates them unduly, depicting his characters as though they, too, were wholly and perpetually absorbed in the great marshland. Some of the pictures of the lonely life in the Campagna are effective, but there is much exaggeration and at least one impossible episode.

Among the collections of short stories Ugo Ojetti's "L'Amore e suo figlio" (Treves) may be mentioned. The author, who is a journalist, art critic, and dramatist, as well as a writer of fiction, is at his best in his humorous, keenly satirical sketches on topical subjects, such as he often publishes in the *Corriere della Sera*, but in this volume the stories are, with one exception (the first, which gives its title to the book), rather unpleasant in tone, although written in a concise, effective style. The characters are mostly disagreeable, and often vulgar, and the situations, if grimly ironical, are of the kind which makes one feel uncomfortable. Of a different order are Riccardo Pierantoni's "Novelle Marinare" (Rome: Nalato), tales of seafaring life, full of that love of the sea which characterized the author from his early youth. One of them, "Giallo e Nero," is based on the experiences of the brothers Bandiera, when, as Austrian naval officers, they took part in the joint Austro-Anglo-Turkish expedition to Acre in 1840. It was in making researches for this tale that the idea suggested itself to Signor Pierantoni of writing the book which he published some years ago on the fatal expedition of those same Bandiera brothers to the Calabrian coast, a valuable addition to our knowledge of Italian Risorgimento history. A melancholy interest attaches to these *novelle*, which were collected and partly revised by this promising young writer on his deathbed, and brought out after his premature decease by his mother and sister.

A book which cannot be classed either as poetry or fiction, although it shows both imagination and poetical feeling, is Emilio Bodrero's "I Giardini di Adone" (Rome: Bontempelli). The author, a busy official in a Government department, finds time to devote to the highest forms of culture and to philosophical studies, and has acquired a purely classical spirit and style such as is equalled by very few moderns. He is a humanist to the finger tips and thoroughly steeped in Greek thought and feeling. After bringing out essays on various Greek philosophers, he has produced in this new volume a series of dialogues on philosophical subjects set forth in language of rare beauty. His style now

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reminds one of the stately logical periods of Plato, now of the witty satire of Lucian, and all through there runs a vein of paradox which is never unreasonable, with a genuine sense of fantasy and poetry. The spirit of these dialogues is a tendency to rebel against soulless rationalism and cold materialistic reason. Fantasy, in the author's view, is everything, whereas bare facts and plain truths are but a small part of the higher and more real truth of life. One of the most characteristic essays is that entitled "Ahasuero o la verità"; the dialogue is held in some mythical Eastern land under the sway of Prester John. There all the famous mythological personages of tradition are gathered together—Linus, the founder of song; Hippolita, the Queen of the Amazons; Marcus Curtius, who rode into the abyss in the Roman Forum; St. Ursula, who was martyred with her 11,000 companions; Roland, the female Pope Joan, Til Eulenspiegel, Naundorf, etc.—awaiting the day when they shall be called back to the world. But the wandering Jew Ahasuerus, who symbolizes cold reason, comes in among them and tells them that they are myths and that they never have existed; to which Prester John and the others reply that they are the real truth, for humanity has created them, the creatures of its dreams and fancies, as an incitement to great deeds:

> Reality! But for what object would it exist if not to render humanity sublime in its dreams? We are progress and history, we whose existence you bestially deny. All that you say is blind, incomprehensible formula, whereas what man requires is fantasy. Wherefore have you killed it, O implacable destroyer? But you will not prevail, O mortal enemy, and we shall always be history and truth, morality and example, when, after our victory we shall return to the world which awaits us in order to understand itself once more. Shame and curses on him who bereft humanity of its fairest creation!

The witty dialogue between Lucian of Samosata and the impostor Alexander of Abonouteichos follows somewhat on the same lines, and tends to prove that by imposing on humanity one renders it happy. In a different vein is the discussion in "La Passeggiata" between Polyphilus the poet, Xenodotus the archæologist, and Heliodorus the philosopher on the monuments of Rome, the archæologist maintaining that only the ancient buildings and remains should be preserved and excavated, and all the work of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance ruthlessly swept away, while the poet is for the preservation of everything that is beautiful, and holds that a temple turned in later ages into a church is lovelier than a cold, carefully preserved ruin where all is ticketed and catalogued. The philosopher, acting as arbiter, decides that each age will be judged by posterity for what it preserves and for what it produces, and that sometimes, in destroying the relics of the past, men may be producing documents of yet greater value. "There is a fate which none of us know, wherefore on the manner in which we shall know how to live among our memories, posterity will base its judgment on our value." Altogether, "I Giardini di Adone" is one of the most remarkable and original books published in Italy in recent times.

LUIGI VILLARI.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Bibliophile article of the *Nation* of September 11 has just come to my notice, in which Mr. Leo Newmark writes of a rare German translation of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" published by Nicolovius at Königsberg in 1797. About the translator, who signs as M. L., Mr. Newmark says: ". . . a little bibliographic research soon disclosed her to have been one Dorothea Mathilde Liebeskind. More research revealed nothing further about her."

I see no reason why the investigator should have encountered the difficulty expressed in the last sentence. The reference works to which one naturally turns for information on a German author of the end of the eighteenth century readily yield the desired data. Dorothea Margaretha (I do not find Mathilde) Liebeskind and her literary activity are briefly, but adequately, treated in several volumes of Meusel's "Gelehrtes Teutschland" (5th ed., 1796 ff.), as also in Goedeke's indispensable "Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung" (2nd ed., Vol. VI, pp. 426-7). From these sources it appears that Frau Liebeskind, first married to J. N. Forkel, a musical director, afterwards to J. H. Liebeskind, a prominent jurist in Munich, was born in 1765 as the daughter of a Göttingen professor, Wedekind. During her younger years, from about 1790 to 1797, she must have been exceedingly busy with rapid hack translations from the English. Her numerous titles as quoted in Goedeke include, for instance, Godwin's "Caleb Williams" (1795), and voluminous renderings from the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and other sensational and phantastic writers of that day. Even this list, however, fails to record a not unimportant part of Frau Liebeskind's efforts, not published under her own name, in the field of semi-scientific works of travel and history, as, for instance, the "History of the American Revolution," by David Ramsay, the South Carolinian. A number of these more scholarly translations were brought out with the coöperation and under the name of no less a personage than the high-minded, but ill-starred, Johann Georg Forster (1754-1794), whom literary and political history remembers in connection with Cook's "Voyage around the World . . . during the years 1772, 3, 4, and 5," and with the short-lived revolutionary movement at Mayence in the years 1792 and 1793.

Speaking of Mrs. Liebeskind's German Boswell, Mr. Newmark mentions with apparent surprise the liberal taste which Friedrich Nicolovius, its publisher, must have presumed generally to exist among the Germans for translations from the English. As a basis for this statement he refers to a translation of Butler's "Hudibras" which the same publisher brought out in the same year as that of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Here, too, a little research would easily have shown the wide range of German interest in English letters during the last half of the eighteenth century, a range of interest that included far less attractive things than old Butler's crude, but vigorous, attack on English Puritanism. As a matter of fact, the 1797 edition of "Hudibras," published at Königsberg, was merely a revision of the translation by D. W. Soltau, originally published by Hartknoch in Riga in 1787. But even that was no first attempt at introducing Butler's satire to German readers, nor indeed the last. Only a few years ago, "Hudibras in Germany" was considered sufficiently important to be made the subject of a special study by Prof. Harvey W. Thayer in the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. XXIV, pp. 547-584.

Mrs. Liebeskind as a translator from the English and Butler's "Hudibras" in German prove thus to be topics well within the range of ordinary bibliographic knowledge.

But for a right appreciation of the German attitude not only towards English, but towards foreign literature in general, it is necessary to keep in mind a fundamental principle which in no small measure distinguishes the German people from most of their neighbors on both sides of the Atlantic. It would be folly to try to express it more tersely than it was put by Goethe in his famous last letter, addressed to Wilhelm von Humboldt a few days before the great poet's death. What Goethe there says of individual development applied, he felt sure, no less to national culture:

> Das beste Genie ist das, welches alles in sich aufnimmt, sich alles zuzueignen weiss, ohne dass es der eigentlichen Grundbestimmung, demjenigen, was man Charakter nennt, im mindesten Eintrag tue, vielmehr solches noch erst recht erhebe, und durchaus nach Möglichkeit befähige.

A. R. HOHLFELD.

Correspondence

HETCH-HETCHY: THE REAL POINT IGNORED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In urging the Senate to take time for reflection before giving away Hetch-Hetchy, you have done a service to the valley through which its waters flow and to which they are a vital necessity. The irrigated parts are but small and sparse oases. I have passed over that country four times of late, and there have been hours when only a wilderness of gray sand was visible from the train. To this parched territory the waters of Hetch-Hetchy rightly belong, and when it is served there will be no surplus left for San Francisco. Give them away now and you leave hundreds of thousands of acres as barren as the street.

This feature of the case has been carefully concealed by the San Francisco press, which has answered John Muir's plea for the scenery with ridicule; but in a question of life or death, affecting a very large territory, ridicule will hardly count.

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Mr. Church, M. C. for the district, says the farmers are willing to surrender the water. What farmers? Certainly not those who have not yet procured water, and who are in the vast majority.

Does not San Francisco need the water? Not now. And when it does there is abundance of surplus water in the American, the Yuba, and the Feather, to say nothing of Tahoe and the other lakes.

JOHN GAMBLE.

Haywards, Cal., November 3.

DEANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In turning over a number of college catalogues the other day, I found myself constantly facing the word "dean"—dean of women, of course; dean of the school, department, college (the name was legion), of engineering; dean of the college, department, of arts and sciences, liberal arts; dean of the school of agriculture. But there were other deans—dean of the school, department, college, of education; dean of the school of journalism; dean of the school of chemistry (actually); and—dean of deans. The last title strikes one as Biblical, the others, most of them, as essentially Miltonic. But I would catch the significance of it all, and am wondering if a reader of the *Nation* might not spring up to my aid.

What, pray, is all the deanerie about? Is it true that the word once meant something, and now, like "judge" and "colonel," in certain districts, is travelling the slippery path of nonsense? It looks as if "judge" and "colonel" and "dean" were exhibits of that same species of snobbery (English usage) which clings to American modes of thought; I find also, as in these other cases, that the further one travels from the centres, the more lush is likely to be the growth of deans. In some of our State universities, indeed, it is difficult to escape them. Mark Twain once spoke of not being able to fire a revolver off your back porch in Cambridge without bringing down a two-volumer; there is a place I know, west of Suez, where you can hardly hurl a stone at a cat without bruising the shins of a dean. And the dean may be a very pleasant fellow, too; he is simply under the shadow of a monstrous name.

Some say that presidents are to blame—that if they wish to raise a man's salary without hurting any other man's feelings they create some sort of hocus-pocus, and name the man dean of it. But there must be other, more philosophical, explanations. I am aware of a department of journalism of two instructors, one of them a dean. I know of a department of education, exactly on a plane with a department of political science or of physics, and yet the head of the department is called dean. I have intimations of a graduate school, without graduate courses, and yet it is presided over by a dean.

Not many years ago there appeared in one of our leading dailies an article on "The Flummery of Caps and Gowns," the point being that there was no tradition, no texture of life, which made it worth while for us in America to play with these academic adornments; the practice was undemocratic. This protest, I imagine, was without avail; perhaps the tradition had already been created; and possibly the vice of flummery is venial. But not so with the sin of snobbery. Would it be imaginable, I wonder, for this "snobbery of deans," as well as all other species and varieties of snobbery, to die a national, hasty, and certain death? EDWARD A. THURBER.

University of Oregon, October 29.

CAFETARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is taken from the *Evening Post:* "Downstairs there is to be a cafétaria, that modern expedient for getting the most lunch for the least money."

In this town we have several of these institutions, though our spelling is *cafeteria.* Now can any of your readers throw light upon the origin of the term? It is quite recent, say within ten years, or even less. It looks like an American growth; I have not found anything resembling it in French, Italian, or Spanish dictionaries. It serves to designate an eating place somewhere between a tea room and a restaurant.

J. M. HART.

Ithaca, November 1.

DIALECT POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "I' b'en a-kindo musin', as the feller says," since I read the letter in last week's issue under the caption, "Is 'Hoosier Poetry' Appropriate in the *Nation?*" The writer refers to the dialect verses which you quoted in your editorial, "The Hoosier Poet," as "barbaric puerilities," a "dialect that needs no example or precept among our young people"; and he ends his tirade with the sweeping assertion that "the existence of such corruptions of English is merely a misfortune; their reproduction in the *Nation* is a calamity."

May I offer a humble remonstrance to this jeremiad? Literature is a reflection of life. When an author depicts a person, he should make him speak "in character," and we know that some characters do not express their thoughts and emotions in choice English. Dialect literature gives us a convincing portrayal of such people. We and our children respond to their sentiments without any desire to imitate their idiosyncrasies of speech. Surely such expressions of wholesome human natures are not "barbaric puerilities," but their natural mode of utterance, distinguishing them from better educated mortals. The virile personality of Natty Bumpo thrilled me as a child; his quaint forms of expression, instead of "larning" me bad grammar, only amused me and intensified my appreciation of the naturalness of his character. Shall we banish "Uncle Remus" from our fireside for fear that "the little boy" (and children of a larger growth) may become corrupted by his homely dialect? Must Joel Chandler Harris never appear in the pages of the *Nation?* Or, by extension, shall we expurgate from the works of the immortals the blundering Dogberry or the inimitable Mrs. Malaprop, because, forsooth, they murder the King's English? Coming home to classic Boston, near which the writer of the protest lives, must Lowell's poem of New England rural life, "The Courtin'," be interdicted on the ground that "the existence of such corruptions of English is merely a misfortune; their reproduction in the *Nation* is a calamity"?

So, Mr. Editor, as a reader of the *Nation* who believes that the use of your pages in presenting good dialect literature is not a "misuse," but the sane appreciation of a valuable form of literary expression, I make a plea for the Hoosier Poet and all good dialect writers whose prose and verse pulsate with human joys and sorrows. Continue to publish extracts from their writings for our delectation, and have no fear that "the gobble-uns 'll git *you,* if you don't watch out!" L. G. PAINTER.

Columbus, Miss., October 26.

OPIUM SMOKING IN JAVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Opium smoking is the chief vice of the inhabitants of Java. The whole of the opium consumed in Java is manufactured by the Dutch Government of the island, at the government opium manufactory in Batavia. The profits are very large. Mark well that the importation of opium is entirely prohibited, and that no opium poppies are grown in Java, the poppy heads used in the manufacture being especially imported for this purpose by the Dutch Government from British India. It is therefore evident that, if the Government of Java could be induced, in the interests of humanity, to renounce its profits, and to close its opium manufactory, the practice of the vice in Java would cease at once.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Garoet, Java, September 18.

AN EMINENT SOCIOLOGIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: News comes from Florence of the death of one of the most distinguished of Italian sociologists, Scipio Sighele.

He was born at Brescia in 1868, graduated at the University of Rome, and then resided for many years in the Trentino, that painfully Italian part of the Austrian Empire, whence his family came, and whence he was banished by the Austrian Government for asserting his ideals of political liberty. He was lecturer on criminal law at the University of Pisa, professor of criminal sociology at the University of Brussels, and member of many scientific and literary academies.

A lawyer by training, he became interested in the scientific study of criminology, then under the leadership of Lombroso, and with his accurate studies, particularly of crowds, he was soon recognized as a pioneer in what is termed collective psychology. In fact, his principal works are (I give here the French titles, because these books are better known in this country in their French translation) "La Foule criminelle," "Le Crime à deux," and "La Psychologie des sectes." In these books, besides scientific accuracy in the collecting and presenting of facts, we find a broad knowledge of literature, criticised from the psychological point of view by a man who was himself both scientist and artist. While investigating with painstaking erudition social evils and the character of crowds, he studied the individual, both in actual life and in the masterpieces of fiction. This is attested by such works as "Letteratura

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tragica" and "Nell' arte e nella scienza."

The foundation of his philosophy of government was that the psychology of collected individuals is far inferior to that of each individual taken separately. There is in this conclusion a suggestion of pessimism, particularly if it is applied to parliamentary government—a subject on which Sighele made a special study (see his essay entitled "Contro il parlamentarismo" and his latest book, just issued, "Morale privata e morale politica"). But he was, on the contrary, very optimistic. His constant theory was that the individual should be better educated, so that the crowd, the social gathering, and the political assembly might eventually be improved, and by their work in turn improve the individual. Thus in its scope his life's work had a background of ideal philanthropy.

Though his name will live chiefly on account of his scientific work, Scipio Sighele was popular in Italy largely for his political significance. As an exile of Austria, as a preacher of unflinching irredentism, and as one of the first to voice that nationalism which recently found glorious manifestation in the campaigns of Tripoli, Sighele was a kind of national hero. And his numerous contributions to the best magazines and dailies brought his ideas frequently before the public.

It is, indeed, to be regretted that a life so productive and so useful should be cut off at the age of forty-five. In his work in collective psychology Professor Sighele had an international reputation. In Italy his name remains as a symbol at once of a broad and studious mind dedicated to a lofty purpose, and of the highest ideals of patriotism.

RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

Harvard University, November 10.

Literature

COLOMBIA.

Colombia. By Phanor J. Eder. With 40 illustrations and 2 maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

If there is one country in South America which has a definite claim on the intelligent sympathy and interest of the American people, it is the Republic of Colombia, and yet if there has been one country in South America about which it has been difficult to get accurate information, it is our neighbor across the Isthmus. To be sure, various travellers have given us some insight into its geography and the manners and customs of its people. Millican, the orchid hunter, wrote a capital account of his travels and adventures, but it was published more than twenty years ago, and is difficult to procure. Wirt Robinson, in his "Flying Trip to the Tropics," gave us a good picture of the Magdalena River and of the bird life that he encountered on his hasty trip. American Minister Scruggs, in writing "The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics," enabled us to see the civilized part of Colombia and the manners and customs of Bogota through the eyes of a diplomat. And Loraine Petre, in his "Republic of Colombia," gives a very fair account of that part of the country which can most easily be visited, and, in his "Simon Bolivar," a painstaking, minute study of the military side of her War of Independence. But there has been no book to which one could turn for accurate information and satisfactory description of the country as a whole.

At last we have in the present volume an adequate book on Colombia which it is a pleasure to welcome. No writer in Scribner's useful South American series has given evidence of knowing his country so intimately, thoroughly, and sympathetically as Mr. Eder. Although his work lacks the brilliant originality of Professor Denis's "Brazil," it takes very high rank in the series.

Mr. Eder has, to be sure, written frankly from the point of view of the mere business man. Historical and sociological material has been used only to give the necessary background. Nevertheless, the historical part of the book is well and thoughtfully written. Unlike Petre, whose work is marred by frequently expressed animosity against Santander, Mr. Eder rightly calls that remarkable man one of "the best type of public men South America has produced. Well versed in politics and jurisprudence, Santander was a constructive statesman who relied upon law, not force, for the maintenance of government, amply earning the title that has been bestowed on him, *el hombre de las leyes*—'the man of law.' He was ever a sincere patriot, subordinating his personal ambition to his country's welfare, and his public record has but few stains." We know all too little about this man, although his character and achievements really earned him a place alongside of Washington and Jefferson.

As a result of his three years in the Harvard Law School and of his own personal acquaintance with the mining laws of Colombia, Mr. Eder has been able to write an unusually good chapter on government and law. A clearer exposition of the laws of any South American republic has not appeared in any book which has come under the reviewer's notice during the last twelve years. It is brief, but very much to the point. There is a useful appendix giving the amendments to the Constitution adopted in 1910, but as Mr. Eder himself says,

> the Colombians, a few exceptions apart, have never really understood, do not to-day understand, their own Constitution; . . . the Constitution has no vital effect upon the nation's life or laws; inner spirit it has none; and though there is much discussion over it, and to-day all political parties proclaim themselves "constitutional," that is, adherents in the main of the existing Constitution, yet a reading of it furnished us surprisingly little assistance in arriving at any complete understanding of the actual workings of the Government.

Mr. Eder admits that revolutions will occur, but he also contends that they will be less of a menace and less destructive to Colombia than a coal strike to Great Britain or a railway strike to the United States.

The author appears to belong to a family some of whose members have been in business in Colombia for half a century, chiefly in the rich Cauca Valley. This fact, while adding to Mr. Eder's qualifications for his task, has been the cause of two defects. The more serious is that he takes it for granted that his readers have a good general knowledge of South America. Of course, this leaves him free to make his book more informative for the well-prepared reader, and it is quite possible that the time has arrived when our knowledge of South American history and institutions should enable us to use more advanced handbooks. The second fault, not a serious one, is that Mr. Eder lays too much emphasis on the Cauca Valley. Yet he recognizes his natural prejudice for the part of the country where his family has lived, and he has tried, by consulting the best authorities, to do justice to those portions of Colombia with which he is not personally acquainted. His excuse for calling particular attention to "The Valley" is that the opening of the Panama Canal will benefit Cauca as much as, possibly more than, any other part of South America. Its seaport of Buenaventura, if ever properly developed and drained, has a great future.

Mr. Eder has not felt the necessity of discussing the way in which the Republic of Panama achieved its independence. At the same time, as he enjoys the rare distinction of being fond of both Colombia and the United States, his remarks on the present attitude of Colombians towards us are worthy of careful consideration. With the authority of intimate personal knowledge, he writes: "In spite of the lapse of so many years, the unsettled 'Panama question' is still a burning one in Colombia." Colombians "dread a Yankee attempt sooner or later to overpower South America, and believe their land to be the outpost which will be first attacked. They have already felt the talon of the Eagle; they have a hysterical dread that the voracious bird will again swoop down upon their country. Hysterical is the only word. Suspicion of the designs of the American Government is carried to absurd limits." In the word "hysterical" he has put his finger at the very core of the trouble. The question for the careful reader of his book to answer is, How far is it the duty of the United States to attempt to effect a cure for this hysteria? Unlike a recent magazine writer who would have us take from Panama her

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southern provinces and hand them back to Colombia—on the theory that two wrongs make a right—Mr. Eder offers no suggestions as to how we may help settle this burning question. He does, however, point out repeatedly the possibilities for enlarging Colombia's commerce and the opportunities for making investments in her mines, ranches, and plantations.

His friendliness to Colombia has not led him to overlook her faults. In criticising her economic policy he does not mince matters. Speaking of the Magdalena River, Colombia's chief highway, he says: "Its utility, actual or latent, is limited, and to have staked the early railroad-building energies of the nation, and largely its pecuniary resources, too, on establishing connection with this frail artery of trade *without any serious attempt to improve its navigability*, has been Folly, Waste, Crime." In fact, Colombian statesmen will find many unpalatable paragraphs. A current joke illustrating the character of some Colombian railways is worth repeating. Says one passenger to another, "We seem to be going more smoothly." "Yes," replies his friend, "we are off the track now."

The development of Colombia's natural resources is retarded on every side by lack of roads:

> Rich mines to which machinery cannot be taken except at frightful cost, forests of valuable timber too remote from the seas or navigable rivers to be available for international trade, agricultural lands that could supply a large share of the world's tropical products, did not the freights eat up the profits—these lie fallow and unworked. Dozens of articles that the country itself produces, prime necessities like salt, sugar, rice, flour, potatoes, are imported from abroad because that is cheaper, despite high duties, than transporting them from one part of the country to another. Roads and railroads are indeed the crying need.

If anything is needed to help the American reader to a sympathetic consideration of the stumbling-blocks that have lain in the way of Colombia's progress from the beginning, it is a few weeks' experience of travel in the central Andes.

On the other hand, Mr. Eder is able to testify:

> The resources of the country are daily developing, its income daily increasing, yet its national debt per capita remains one of the smallest of any of the American nations. There is scarcely a country in the world, therefore, which offers to the enterprising financier a better field for a large bank and loan venture, with a high and legitimate profit and a fair margin of safety.

This may sound, taken by itself, too sanguine, but Mr. Eder well knows the difficulties of carrying negotiations through to a successful termination. From personal experience he has found that the Colombian Government and people are "not easy to negotiate with." They cannot easily be made to perceive the standpoint of the foreign banker and investor. We are almost forced to the conclusion that Colombia does not at heart really desire foreign capital.

To those boosters of our foreign trade who are wont to say that if we make our goods satisfactory and can compete in regard to prices, we can sell our wares without difficulty, Mr. Eder replies: "How large a rôle anti-American feeling plays to the advantage of the European exporter it is impossible to estimate accurately: *that it is enormous cannot be doubted.*" With regard to our own commercial travellers, it is a pleasure to learn that "the much-beridiculed, language-ignorant, 'dago'-despising, tobacco-chewing, grossly impolite type of Yankee 'hustler' is rapidly disappearing." At the same time it is discouraging to find that our manufacturers who ship goods to Colombia still ignore the first requirements of packing. They either make the package so heavy that the additional customs and freight charges ruin the consignee, or so flimsy that damage and breaking due to transshipments and mule-back journeys, and exposure to heat and wet, cause the goods to arrive in a state that is little likely to cause future orders.

At the risk of tiring the ordinary reader, Mr. Eder has ventured to give a considerable amount of space to carefully compiled data with regard to economic conditions that should prove of the greatest value to intending visitors, be they tourists, commercial travellers, or investors. Specific details are furnished in regard to the number of coffee plants that can be planted to the acre, the character and source of Colombia's exports, and the size and resources of her banks, laboriously compiled from annual reports and private sources of information.

A word must be said in regard to the photographs, which are not only well chosen, but, a far less common occurrence, are actually placed so as to illustrate the text. For some of the best, the author acknowledges his indebtedness to the recent expedition of the American Museum under the leadership of Frank Chapman. The publishers have not treated the book fairly in the map, which, a too faithful copy of Codazzi, is not up-to-date as regards railways, and, although giving conspicuous notice to some places long since defunct, actually fails to locate such important points as La Dorada and Nemocón. It would also make the Peruvians smile to see that their northern boundary is the Amazon. If only Colombia would undertake to govern the Putumayo as well as to claim it on the maps!

CURRENT FICTION.

The End of Her Honeymoon. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "The Chink in the Armour" Mrs. Belloc Lowndes developed, somewhat laboriously, a story of crime and mystery. Here she does something of the same sort in a far better way. The plot is ingenious, but the reader does not feel that he is examining the merits of an intricate invention. The mystery itself absorbs him from the beginning. Here is the opening situation: A young pair arrive in Paris late one night, the last night of a three weeks' honeymoon. John Dampier is, like his wife, English by birth, but a painter who has lived long in Paris, and who now brings his bride to Paris as home.

It is an Exhibition year, and when they reach the hotel, they find that the landlady, though Dampier had written, has not suitable rooms for them. Rather than go elsewhere, they stay, the wife in a room adjoining that of their host and hostess, the Poulains, Dampier in some garret cubicle which is vaguely spoken of and which, of course, the young wife does not see. In the morning Dampier has disappeared. To the wife's amazement, the Poulains deny that he has been there at all. They assert that she has come there alone, and show a strong desire to be rid of her. Fortunately, there are certain fellow-inmates of the hotel to whom she can appeal—an American Senator, his daughter, and son.

The police are notified, the morgue is visited, the American and British consulates are appealed to. Finally, the Prefect of Police is interviewed, and as a result the house is searched. Nothing is found, and the outlook seems hopeless. By this time the younger American is in love with Mrs. Dampier, and believing that Dampier is dead, swears to discover the truth. The reader who guesses the answer before it is presented to him in black and white will be a clever person.

Betty Musgrave. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Neither Scottish scenes, the description of some extraordinarily eccentric and diseased personalities, nor the interest of a simple thread of sentimental action, quite saves this book from colorlessness. Partly responsible are the small number of characters, and the highly subjective cast of the story. In the first chapter we are introduced to the only three personages of importance: Betty, daughter of a ruined house, her father dead, and her money gone; her mother, a vicious woman, addicted to drugs; and Oliver Lacy, the rather lackadaisical young hero. It requires no penetration to perceive that the action is to lie simply in Betty's struggles for a livelihood,

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her efforts to reform her mother or restrain her, and in Lacy's unexciting methods of love-making. In trying to inject a moral interest into this rather uninspiring course of events, the author has only succeeded in giving us too much psychology. The ending is long foreseen and conventional; the mother dies, a victim to her vices, and Betty and Oliver are quietly married. The only passages of merit are those describing the wholesome young girl in contrast with several distasteful and snobbish figures of the London society into which her family connections carry her, a "poor relation" of independent type.

The Dominie of Harlem. By Arnold Mulder. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Dominies still exist in Harlem—but in a Harlem of the Middle West, a little settlement whose people have preserved the customs of the Fatherland and let the "Dutch of it" persist in their natures. To this conservative community came a new minister, the "Dominie," of the new generation who wished to "melt the snow" of prejudice and narrowness in Harlem. He began at once with a series of crimes. He went out canoeing, failed to ask after the health of the soul of his flock on meeting them, and laughed on Sunday. To cap it all, he eloped with the daughter of a man who had left the church in anger and had himself married by a Methodist preacher. Ultimately, his manhood overrode popular sentiment, melted the snow of his parishioners' hearts, and put him at the head of his headstrong community.

"The Dominie of Harlem" is a pretty tale, prettily done. To many readers it will be news to be told of Dutch peasants in twentieth-century America. Their squabbles, social and religious, their condemnation of the use of English as the worst of sins, their struggle against progress and colleges and fresh air, make a pleasant if not a startling narrative.

If You Touch Them They Vanish. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gouverneur Morris here returns to an earlier and pleasanter style. It is a sort of modern fairy tale, with a Poor—but rich—Boy for a hero, misused for all his millions, an old Irish nurse for a Fairy Godmother, a New York society girl who has lost her all in the vague machinations of finance for a Fairy Princess, and for a background a vast, sweeping valley of soaring rocks and billowing pine forests far up on the Canadian coast. To this private domain the Poor Boy retires when he is shunned by the world for an offence he never committed. His old nurse goes with him, the only human being who believes in him, and the only one whose face he will consent to see. Here in the wilderness the Poor Boy surrounds himself with a whole community of kindred spirits. He peoples it with all the sufferers of the world who have been wrongfully accused and imprisoned. With them he conducts great enterprises, develops his domain, establishes a commission government by three persons, a man, a woman, and a child—who must not be in any way related to the other members of the commission, lest the slipper should unduly influence affairs of state—builds houses, schools, and public edifices. But through it all he knows that, while he may talk to his friends, if he touches them they will vanish. How the old nurse brought a helper to the valley, and how in the end the Poor Boy found that they did not always vanish when you touched them, are things not to be set forth here. Mr. Morris has handled his difficult subject with a graceful touch.

PLATO'S LETTERS.

The Authorship of the Platonic Epistles. By R. Hackforth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

The renewed controversy concerning the genuineness of the thirteen "Platonic" Epistles is of more than technical interest. It affects not only the availability of much attractive material for the historian of Greece, but our conception of Plato's character. It is no light thing to assume that Plato was capable of the silly mysticism of the second epistle, the scholastic pedantry and sophistic rhetoric of the third and others; the obscurities, affectations, and tasteless jests of the sixth; the disingenuousness of the thirteenth; the clumsy irrelevance and ponderous elaboration of Platonic formula in the philosophical digression in the seventh.

In the recent renewal of the debate all the apparatus of professional philology and an appalling lexicographical industry have been brought to bear upon a question which a really cultivated literary instinct ought to be able to decide by one attentive reading. Our own "cultivated literary instinct" rejects the letters peremptorily. But it is not easy to translate this inner light into constraining objective arguments. The ever-swelling philological literature of the controversy is largely concerned with the setting up and knocking down of men of straw. The genuineness of the letters can never be proved by showing that they contain no gross and palpable errors of history, and that in vocabulary and idiom they diverge less widely from the usage of Plato's later writings than the zeal of Karsten and other early objectors affirmed, or that they conform more or less closely to Isocratean precepts for the avoidance of hiatus. The errors and exaggerations on both sides cancel one another. We have seen no treatise on the subject from which we could not quote demonstrable misapprehensions of the text.

The broad grounds for the rejection of the epistles are simple. Their acceptance by antiquity hardly creates a presumption in their favor. Antiquity was uncritical in this matter and accepted hundreds of demonstrably spurious epistles. All but a few extremists admit that several of the "Platonic" collection are forgeries. The others, then, may be. We think they are. In the first place, there is no equal amount of Platonic text that is so tame, that contains so few really fine or beautiful sentences. Secondly, the entire writings of Plato probably present fewer "reminiscences" of notable and quotable Platonic passages than these letters. It is easy to misapprehend or confuse this issue. We are not speaking of the iteration and enforcement of fundamental Platonic principles, nor of the verbal repetition of idiom and formula, but of the allusive and scholastic literary reminiscences of famous Platonic passages which we do not find in Plato, and expect to find in a forger. These two broad considerations would suffice, in our opinion, to determine the question. More subjective, perhaps, are arguments drawn from our ideal of Plato's character. It is always possible to argue that the real Plato "gave himself away" in the letters. And it is not easy to refute those who choose to believe that the author of "The Republic," "Gorgias," and "Phædo" wrote letters of the "burn this" type, and had a private understanding with Dionysius that insincere letters of recommendation should begin with the polytheistic word *θεοί*. The ordinary lexicographical arguments, as we have said, prove little either way. A clever Platonizing rhetorician writing within a generation or two of Plato's death would be able to avoid gross errors of vocabulary. He would be more likely to betray himself in slight deviations from the older usage of ordinary words. We suspect that *ἦθος*, apparently in the sense of literary style, in the third epistle (316 A), is such a case: *δῆλα μὴν ἑκάτερα ἔσται τοῖς τὸ ἐμὸν ἦθος δυναμένοις κρίνειν.* Both the thought and the half-technical phrasing here seem to smack of Alexandrinism.

These introductory reflections have kept Mr. Hackforth's volume waiting too long, but have anticipated the substance of our criticism of it. Mr. Hackforth's conclusion is that iii, iv, vii, viii, and xiii are genuine; i, ii, v, vi, and xii spurious, and ix, x, and xi doubtful. In support of this judgment he reviews the letters seriatim, but by no means exhaustively, reaffirming the chief objections of German investigators to the epistles which he rejects and endeavoring to weaken the force of their arguments against those which he accepts.

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He does not, so far as we have observed, anywhere meet the two main arguments on which we have rested the issue, unless the scanty collection of parallel passages within the dialogues in Appendix B is to be regarded as an answer to our condemnation of the epistles for excess of Platonic reminiscence.

His introduction gives a sufficient, though incomplete and narrowly technical, history of the "literature" of the controversy. It concludes with his own chief original contribution to the subject. Roeder, on the basis of the tabulation of 246 "rare Platonic words" occurring in the epistles, had affirmed a "general lexical affinity" between the epistles as a whole and Plato's later writings. Mr. Hackforth reduces Roeder's list from 246 to 126 by tables constructed from the special lexica for Thucydides, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Isocrates, the other orators, and Aristotle. Within this group of 126 he establishes a list of 38 "special words" occurring in Plato only in the later dialogues, and by the use of these two lists he finds that the lexical affinities with these dialogues of the epistles which he accepts are a few per cent. higher than those of the epistles which he rejects. This is an interesting illustration of the law that every "style-statistical" investigation only imposes a more laborious task on the next inquirer. We are unable to see that it proves anything else. And Mr. Hackforth's English common-sense constrains him to "face the fact" that no amount of affinity can afford conclusive proof of Platonic authorship. It can only indicate that the letters in question "either are the works of Plato, or the Forger has been very skilful"—even so, more skilful, that is, than the forger of other letters, a conclusion with which we have no quarrel.

The Loss of Normandy (1189-1204): Studies in the History of the Angevin Empire. By F. M. Powicke, M.A. Manchester: University Press; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

In the general history of European politics the Normans of the eleventh and twelfth centuries hold a position of no small importance. As conquerors they made their influence felt from Ireland to the Mediterranean; as organizers they established in England and in Sicily the first modern states in Western Europe, both well in advance of their contemporaries in economic and military strength and in the precocious vigor of their fiscal and administrative systems. While the dominant element in these countries was Norman and ruled with all the stern masterfulness of the Norman character, it was quick to assimilate and transmit the culture and institutions of others, and much of the significance of the Normans lies in their work as intermediaries. Whatever their Scandinavian inheritance may have been, it is now well understood that the conquerors of England had become Frenchmen long before the Battle of Hastings, and the significance of the Conquest lies largely in the connections then established with the culture and law of northern France, a fact of which the English language is a perennial reminder.

Oddly enough, Normandy, especially on its institutional side, has received little attention from English historians, who have been slow to admit the Continental origin of fundamental institutions like the jury and to grasp the larger implications of Norman history. Freeman's elaborate "History of the Norman Conquest" is little more than a political narrative, written with little real understanding of underlying conditions on either side of the Channel; his "big Sicily" ends with the Greeks, his "little Sicily" with the Romans. French scholars have done more, but their special studies have generally failed to make clear the international relations of their subject. The truth is that the history of Normandy is a difficult field of study, largely because of the paucity of original material. There is no parallel to the Domesday survey or the Anglo-Saxon lawbooks, and the scattered fragments of the exchequer rolls make a sorry showing as compared with the pipe rolls and the legal treatises of Plantagenet England. The ore does not lie on the surface, and requires patient and even ingenious search.

Under these circumstances a work like Professor Powicke's, already foreshadowed by various special articles, deserves a warm welcome. He sees his subject broadly, is abreast of recent investigation, both in France and England, and writes with point and vigor. Although the events of the reigns of Richard and John occupy five chapters, the book is not so much a narrative of the separation of Normandy from England, as a series of studies concerning the Angevin empire, viewed as the most advanced and self-sufficient country in Europe during the early years of the thirteenth century, and as thus illustrating in an especial degree the characteristics of a mediæval state. There are here set forth for the first time, at least in English, the geographical basis of the wide-reaching empire of Henry II and his sons, the common elements in its administration, and the nature of the ducal government in Normandy, the empire's origin and centre. The collapse of Angevin power is then traced through the campaigns of Richard and John to the organization of the newly acquired domains by Philip Augustus, while the appendix throws light on the vexed question of the condemnation of John by the court of peers. The most original part of the work is probably the portion which uses the operations in Normandy to illustrate the workings of a mediæval state in time of war. Based on the exchequer rolls of 1180-1203 and the chancery enrolments of John's early years, these chapters show forth the concrete detail of military and fiscal affairs as we could never learn it from the chroniclers. We see how in Normandy, a land of *châttellenies* rather than of shires, the ducal castle and its adjacent demesne were the real unit of administration, and we get a vivid notion of castle life in peace and in war. We can follow item by item the many thousand pounds which went to the making of Château Gaillard, where Richard utilized the knowledge of Syrian fortifications which he had gained on his crusade, and we can see at their work the Saracen mercenaries and Frankish artillerymen whom he brought back from the East. The same invaluable sources show us the reckless finance of an age which knew no budget and was just discovering how easy it was to borrow.

On the results of the Norman wars Professor Powicke can hardly be expected to say anything very new. The division of the baronage, here traced out in an appendix of much interest to genealogists, formed the law of treason and the law of aliens; the loss of the continental domains developed English nationality and prepared the way for the Great Charter. For France the great fact was, of course, its geographical unification and the enlargement of the royal power. Some direct influence was probably exerted by the more advanced and more highly centralized Norman system upon the judicial and fiscal departments of the Capetian government, but the exact process is not yet understood, and the problem is not here raised. The important thing is to "remind ourselves that when the Normans became French they did a great deal more than bring their national epic to a close. They permitted the English once more to become a nation, and they established the French state for all time." A great people can hardly ask a more glorious end for its history.

The Life of Lyman Trumbull. By Horace White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The life of Lyman Trumbull offers some difficulties for the biographer. His long career in Congress can, of course, be traced with accuracy through various series of official documents. Outside of his public utterances, however, and the record of his public activities, material of a personal nature is scanty. Of the several thousand letters preserved

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among his papers, and now in the Library of Congress, nearly all are the work of his correspondents; for of his own letters he rarely kept copies, and few of value seem to have been preserved by his friends. On the other hand, Trumbull's career identified him so closely with epoch-making events in our national history, that the biographer who essays to give an adequate account of his influence or achievements must either narrate much history of a general rather than personal nature, or else assume that the reader himself knows that history exceptionally well. Opinions will differ regarding the method which Mr. White has pursued. He has certainly written a good many pages in which Trumbull does not appear at all, and his use of the Trumbull letters suggests that the importance of the collection may not be in proportion to its bulk; but he at least makes clear throughout the part which Trumbull played, and adds to American political biography a notable and welcome contribution.

Trumbull's rise to national prominence was rapid. From the moment when, in 1855, he entered Congress as a Senator from Illinois, the course of events brought him into opposition to the slavery forces and to Douglas, his senior colleague; and although he was at one with Douglas in opposing the Lecompton Constitution, he had no sympathy whatever for Douglas's attitude of indifference to the ultimate fate of slavery itself. His speech in opposition to the Crittenden compromise was one of the strongest which that futile proposition elicited. On the other hand, his friendship for Lincoln did not blind him to Lincoln's subserviency to political interests, or to the weaknesses of Lincoln's military policy. Of the Cameron scandal, an ineradicable blot on Lincoln's Administration, and of the essential untruthfulness of Lincoln in the matter of the appointment of Harvey to the Portuguese mission, Mr. White gives an account which spares neither Lincoln nor Seward. Very interesting, too, is Trumbull's own account of his visit to Bull Run, and of the panic and stampede of the Union troops. The treatment of a telegram which Trumbull sent to his wife on July 22, 1861, is a vivid reminder of the devious ways of military censorship. Trumbull wrote: "The battle resulted unfavorably to our cause." What Mrs. Trumbull received read: "I came from near the battlefield last night. It was a desperately bloody fight."

Of the important measures which Trumbull had large share in framing, the first was the Confiscation Act of August 6, 1861. Mr. White is in error in saying, in his first mention of the act (p. 168), that it "did not confiscate any other than slave property," unless he has in mind the actual effect of the act rather than its terms; for the first section of the act expressly provides for the confiscation of all property used for insurrectionary purposes. The provisions are correctly summarized later (p. 173). A similar inadvertence occurs in the discussion of the Emancipation Proclamation (p. 222). Mr. White writes:

> Moreover, if the President had legal authority to issue the proclamation, then he, or a successor in office, could revoke it. . . . The proclamation did not purport to rest upon any constitutional power, but upon war powers solely.

The first of these statements implies, apparently, that the President could by proclamation reinslave those whom by proclamation he had set free: a doctrine directly opposed to the famous ruling decision of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset case. The second statement is true, in a sense, of the preliminary proclamation of September, 1862; but the Emancipation Proclamation itself, of January 1, 1863—the only one, of course, which actually had effect—affirms that the action of the President is "warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity."

The Freedmen's Bureau and Civil Rights bills of 1866 were also largely Trumbull's work; and while the former failed to pass over Johnson's veto, the latter, though vetoed also, became law. The veto of the Civil Rights bill was, for Trumbull, the parting of the ways. Hitherto he had supported Johnson, but the action of the President seemed to him to endanger the freedom of the negroes, and he not only devoted himself to passing the bill over the veto, but in the Congressional campaign of 1866 was the leading figure on the Republican side (pp. 273, 277). His authorship of the Thirteenth Amendment, in force in 1865, would of itself have made him a national figure, and he did not intend that the results which the amendment had achieved, or the powers of enforcement which he believed had been secured to Congress under its second section, should be put in jeopardy. Yet he was no blind follower of his party, and in the impeachment of Johnson he met the supreme test of courage by voting, with six other Republicans, for acquittal.

Of the more conspicuous events of Trumbull's subsequent career—his opposition to the Ku Klux act, his insistence upon the investigation of the scandals of Grant's Administration, his share in the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, and his appearance as one of the counsel for Tilden in 1877—Mr. White gives a circumstantial and sympathetic account. No recent book of American political biography has had the advantage of such intimate personal contact by the author with the events and personages described. In the long list of writings through which Mr. White has recorded or interpreted the history of his time, this his latest book will hold, we are confident, a notable place.

The Principles of Judicial Proof. By John Henry Wigmore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6 net.

If any one is entitled to try an experiment in teaching the law of evidence, it is the author, or, as he modestly styles himself, the compiler, of this book. He has studied this branch of the law long and thoroughly. He has taught it many years. He has published a monumental treatise, under the title of "A System of Evidence in Trials at Common Law," and has compiled a huge collection of cases on evidence for classroom use. Yet whether any one is entitled to try the experiment made in this volume is a question upon which teachers and students of law will differ. Evidence is a topic which every member of a law-school class feels that he must study, even when it is not a prescribed course in the curriculum. It generally is, and ought always to be, a major course, in point of time allotment. If an entirely novel addition is to be made to this course it must obtain a still larger allotment of time at the expense of other courses, or the time heretofore given to the topic as now taught must be shortened.

Even Professor Wigmore is not very confident that his experiment will be successful. While he does not hesitate to assert that "there *must* be a probative science," he admits that "the science may as yet be imperfectly formulated or even incapable of formulation." If it is incapable of formulation, ought the entire body of law students to be forced to buy an expensive law book, and spend one-quarter of the time available for an important topic in the chase of what may turn out to be an *ignis fatuus?*

Again, granting that the experiment is justifiable, the further question arises, ought it to be made as a preliminary to the course in evidence or as a supplement to it? Now, the object of the experiment is to train the advocate in the art of "contentious persuasion," and to train the judge in the correct application of the scientific principles of judicial proof. But, unless the existing rules governing the admissibility of evidence are to be ignored, or to be subjected to radical modifications, it should seem that a knowledge of those rules should precede a study of the present volume. An advocate does not enter upon his task of persuading the jury or the court, nor does a judge render a decision, until the evidence is all in. And what evidence is in must always depend upon the rules of admissibility. Unless,

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therefore, this experimental study of the science of proof has for one of its main purposes the abrogation or radical modification of the existing rules of admissibility, it ought, we submit, to supplement the present course in evidence.

An examination of the material reprinted in the volume before us leads to the same conclusion. Part iii, the author assures us, "represents the ultimate and most difficult aspect of the principles of proof"; namely, the method of solving a complex mass of evidence in contentious litigation, of determining why "a total mass of evidence does or should persuade us to a given conclusion." But every case which is reprinted in this part of the volume, as a problem for the student's consideration, furnishes only the evidence which was deemed admissible under existing rules. The problem presented is not how the case ought to have been tried; not what evidence ought to have been admitted, but, after all the witnesses had been examined and all rulings upon the admissibility of evidence had been made, what should have been the decision of the jurors, or of the court, if the scientific principles of proof were properly applied.

A course in which such problems are to be dealt with ought to supplement, not to precede, the ordinary course in evidence. If Professor Wigmore's experiment were made with a select class of graduate students while actively engaged in legal practice, it would be extremely interesting, and its results would be valuable.

Notes

Holt will bring out nexf week I. M. Rubinow's "Social Insurance," and "Statistical Averages," by Frank Zizek.

On Friday Putnams issue "The Old Boston Post Road," by Stephen Jenkins; "My Beloved South," by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor; an illustrated edition of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "Memoirs of Rt. Hon. Henry Labouchere, M.P., by Algar Labouchere Thorold.

Longmans, Green & Company have in preparation: "Royal Spain of To-day," by Tryphosa Bates Batcheller; "Lord Lyons, a Record of British Diplomacy," two volumes, by Lord Newton; "Life and Letters of George Villiers, Fourth Earl of Clarendon," two volumes, by Sir Herbert Maxwell; "The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," two volumes, by Basil Williams; "My Art and My Friends," the reminiscences of Sir Frederic H. Cowen; "Shakespeare's Stories," by Constance and Mary Maud; "Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian," by G. M. Trevelyan; "English Prose, a Series of Related Essays for the Discussion and Practice of the Art of Writing," selected and edited by F. W. Roe and G. R. Elliott; "The Vices of Virtues and Other Vagaries," by the author of "The Life of a Prig"; "The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century (1800-1860)," by the Rev. Vernon F. Storr; "The Church in Rome in the First Century, Being the Bampton Lectures for 1913," by the Rev. George Edmundson; "Churches in the Modern State," by John Neville Figgis; "Some Loose Stones, Being a Consideration of Certain Tendencies in Modern Theology, Illustrated by References to the Book Called 'Foundations,'" by the Rev. R. A. Knox; "The World's Redemption," by C. E. Rolt, and "Memories of a Soldier's Life," by Sir H. M. Bengough.

"The Collected Papers of Henry Sweet," edited by H. S. Wyld, will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press. The volume contains papers written by Professor Sweet in a period of more than thirty years. All are philological except a long essay on Shelley's nature poetry read to the Shelley Society, but never published. A large part of the book is devoted to phonetics.

In January Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new novel, "The Flying Inn," will be published simultaneously in England and this country. John Lane Company will issue it in America.

"General William Booth Enters into Heaven" is the title-poem of a volume of verse by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay which Mitchell Kennerley brings out this week.

"Gruss aus Deutschland" is the title of a reader for high schools and entering classes at college which is about to appear in Heath's Modern Language series. The author is Professor Holzwarth, of Smith College.

Mr. Leon H. Vincent has brought together a dozen literary sketches which he publishes under the appropriate title of "Dandies and Men of Letters" (Houghton Mifflin). The subjects run from the pure dandy, such as Beau Brummell, to a great poet, such as Lord Byron—although Mr. Vincent deals almost exclusively with the social side of Byron's life. The "Noble Poet" is also rightly included in this collection for the sentiment, sincere enough, with which the present sketch of him opens: "I like the Dandies; they were always very civil to me, though in general they disliked literary people." But Mr. Vincent is more amusing when he deals with lesser men, such as Rogers or Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, where the cynicism of the subject lends savor to his own wit. "The Ancient of St. James's Place," he writes of the former, "was not to be put down by trifles, such as being run over or robbed. He wore a grim and sardonic air, as of one who intended to see all his coevals off the stage of life, and marvelled a little at their impudence in delaying to make an exit. . . . Writing from Woburn in December, 1849, Milnes says, 'Rogers has been here—very cross and very much petted. He stumps about most wonderfully, and has lately had the gratification of the deaths of several old people younger than himself.'" Among the other sketches are Thomas Moore, Peacock, Disraeli, and Henry Crabb Robinson. There are portraits and the printing is excellent.

Richard G. Badger, of Boston, has gathered nine of James Russell Lowell's essay-reviews into a volume which he publishes as "The Round Table." The books reviewed range in date from "The Works of Walter Savage Landor," published in 1846, to the third volume of Palfrey's "History of New England During the Stuart Dynasty," in 1864. Other titles are "Nationalism in Literature" (suggested by Longfellow's "Kavanaugh"), Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Elsie Venner," "The Marble Faun," "Disraeli as a Novelist," "The New Timon" (which Lowell cleverly attributed to Bulwer, the real author), and "Browning's Plays and Poems." Some of the work is good, as, for example, this characteristic passage on the influence of the country schoolhouse, suggested by Palfrey's "New England":

> Passing through some Massachusetts village, perhaps at a distance from any house, it may be in the midst of a piece of woods where four roads meet, one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not be long doubtful. It is summer, and the flickering shadows of forest leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets, that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open windows, you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices, discharging words of two or three syllables with wonderful precision and unanimity. Then there is a pause, and the voice of the officer in command is heard reproving some raw recruit whose vocal musket hung fire. Then the drill of the small infantry begins anew. . . .
>
> Now, this building, and others like it, were an original kind of fortification invented by the founders of New England. They are the martello-towers that protect our coast. This was the great discovery of our Puritan forefathers. . . . The opening of the first grammar-school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state.

That is the mature Lowell; but it cannot be said that most of these essays add to his reputation as a critic. They are, in simple truth, burdened with a great deal of smart and rather empty moralizing, through which runs a deafening fusillade of similes and metaphors. The clever metaphor was always Lowell's temptation, but in these pages his weakness is a vice. The publisher of the volume, with the exception of one footnote, gives no indication of the source of these essays.

The little book of "The Roadmender," half autobiography under a quaint allegorical disguise, half musings on the beauty of the world in mystical religious vein, was first published in 1902, and in the eleven years since then, without any puffing or adventitious aids, has made its way into the mind and heart of all lovers of the fine and precious in letters. It was known almost from the beginning that "Michael Fairless" was only a pen-name under which the author, Margaret Fairless Barber in real life, chose to disguise herself, and conjecture was soon rife as to her character and life. She wished to remain unknown, but her friends have rightly concluded that, if the world was to speak of her at all, she would have preferred to have the exact truth spoken. For that reason her sister, Mrs. A. M. Haggard, and one of the friends into whose family she was adopted and who cared for her in her illness, William Scott Palmer (M. E. Dowson), have now told the simple story of her years in a slender volume entitled "Michael Fairless, Her Life and Writings" (Dutton). We shall not attempt here to retell that narrative, for those who have read "The Roadmender" and "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius"

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will wish to go to the book itself. It is all in good taste, and might almost be a part of Michael Fairless's own notes, though without the last refinement of art which was a part of her nature. We might perhaps have been better satisfied, too, if a few of the trivial details of her childhood in her Yorkshire home were omitted, and more were told of her mature life before she was cast down on her "mattress prison." She died in 1901, in her thirty-third year, indomitable in her joy, and a watcher of things beautiful until the very end.

Putnams have issued a handsome volume in "Poetry of Heroism," selected and edited by John and Jean Lang, with sixteen drawings in color by W. Rainey. The compilers of this anthology have attempted to furnish in verse a chronological history of the British nation. Solemnly introduced by "God Save the King," the scheme begins with Cowper's "Boadicea" and extends to Kipling's ballads of the Empire and to recent songs of Canada, South Africa, and Australia. Most of the pieces one looks for are included, but occasional embarrassment has been caused, the preface explains, by the restrictions of copyright. Are these responsible for the omission of Rossetti's "White Ship"? The editors provide frequent introductions, and a glossary of difficult words in the case of early English and Scotch selections.

It is seldom that an account of a great building intended for the casual reader is as adequate as the volume on "Westminster Abbey," by W. J. Loftie (Lippincott). Picturesquely he leads the reader through the Abbey and its environs at the varied epochs of its history, tracing its growth as a building, and alluding pleasantly to the persons connected with it and to the great scenes enacted in it. The latter half of the volume describes with humorous and anecdotal touches the Triforium with its muniments and its "wax-figgers"; the Poets' Corner and Chapter House; the heraldry, the monuments, the epitaphs, and the monastic and collegiate buildings grouped at various times round the Abbey proper. Mr. Loftie makes no pretence of adding anything to our knowledge of the building or of its history, and commits occasionally rather strange errors, but he is to be commended for accomplishing his task without an unnecessary profusion of architectural terms or of historical dates and names, and without lapsing into the guidebook style, of which we have already so many terrifying examples.

"Sketchy" would be a more accurate word than "short" for the title of Benjamin Griffith Brawley's "A Short History of the American Negro" (Macmillan). Even so, the book is readable for two-thirds of its 230 pages, and that portion of it is adapted by its straightforward style as well as by its assembling of leading facts for use as a textbook. But the latter part of the volume has a characteristic that is unfortunately common in books dealing with the negro and written from a strongly sympathetic point of view, namely, the glorification of individuals of the race who have achieved unusual success. Instead of a scholarly survey of the progress of the negro since slavery, we find a sentimental "Who's Who."

After a few perfunctory and inadequate chapters on the Bulgarian people and their history, Mr. John MacDonald, in "Czar Ferdinand and his People" (Stokes), gives a useful and entertaining account of the personality of the present ruler of Bulgaria and a narrative of the chief events of his reign. The tone is that of mild panegyric; the author constantly praises the tactful, patient, and persistent policy by means of which Ferdinand raised himself from the position of a prince tributary to Turkey, and, unrecognized by the great Powers of Europe, to that of an independent monarch, the head of a powerful army and the leading spirit in the victorious Balkan alliance. The climax of Ferdinand's career was the capture of Adrianople on March 28, 1913. Soon after that date this volume was apparently completed. Its story of progress, prosperity, and triumph reads strangely at the present time, when Bulgaria, weak and exhausted, has been stripped of nearly all the fruits of her victories. The only hint of coming disaster in Mr. MacDonald's book is its concluding sentence: "The League, which, it was hoped, would develop into a permanent, pacific Confederation, shows symptoms of a revival of the race hatreds and antagonisms that in the past made the Serbs and the Bulgars the Turk's easy prey."

In the present taste for horror our dramatists may discover sources for popular plays in M. Georges Soulié's "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures" (Houghton Mifflin), translated from the Chinese. Their author lived in the seventeenth century—not the eighteenth, as the translator informs us—and occupies a position as a stylist and raconteur somewhat resembling La Fontaine's in France. M. Soulié does not tell us in his introduction that about half of the tales of the "Liao Chai" collection, from which he has selected twenty-five, were translated thirty-three years ago by Professor Giles under the title of "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." He has epitomized rather than translated them, "it being impossible," in his opinion, "for a Westerner to retain all the long and useless talking, all the repetitions that Chinese writing and Chinese taste are equally fond of." On the other hand, it must be added that the art of the Chinese story-teller lies so largely in his wealth of metaphor and in his leisurely approach to a climax that the fragment of charm which may remain in a careful translation evaporates entirely in a paraphrase. There are, however, some pleasant conceits to be found in these weird tales, such as that of the man who became so friendly with a judge from the under world as to get from him a new heart (the seat of intelligence) and procure a comely face for his wife. For the most part the themes deal with Taoist devilry, ghosts, vampires, and the like; but from all of them one gains glimpses of the daily life and ideas of the Chinese which seldom appear in books written about them by foreigners. The Buddhist theory of metempsychosis offers a range to the imagination that rather staggers the Western mind, though it presents complications highly alluring to the Oriental. Besides this, is the conception of the over soul and the under soul after death, the former ranging through the universe and assuming various shapes, the latter able to animate the corpse and work havoc among human beings. On the whole, the accepted conventions allow the story-teller more startling situations and greater variety of interest than can be found within the limits of realism imposed by custom upon the fiction of the West.

The pleasantest thing about Mr. C. S. Olcott's "Country of Sir Walter Scott" (Houghton Mifflin) is the feeling that anybody, and anybody's wife, can in these troubled days be so deep in the lore of the magician whose spell for so many has been broken by more modern appeals to the emotions. In preparation for his pilgrimage Mr. Olcott made a careful study of all Scott's poems and novels, and in following him on his tour through Scotland and England one has the assurance of being in the hands of a well-informed guide. A good deal of human interest is mingled with the description of places, and the photographic illustrations are well taken and clearly reproduced. The book can be recommended as a good one in its kind.

To follow the winding course of the Seine in a trim little steam yacht must be a pleasant and restful way of spending a holiday. Sir Edward Thorpe gives an account of such a journey in "The Seine from Havre to Paris" (Macmillan). Two opening chapters, dealing with The Hydrography of the Seine and The Seine as a Waterway, are interesting in themselves and would be of considerable value to any wanderer, not inoculated with the speed virus, who cared to emulate the author's sensible example. Excellent sectional charts of the river are appended, and throughout there is careful information concerning lights, locks, anchorage, and other nautical matters. Sir Edward's description of the charming towns and villages, castles and abbeys, by which the Seine flows, is sympathetic and readable, but one who follows Mr. Percy Dearmer through the "Highways and Byways" of Normandy does so inevitably *haud passibus æquis*. "The "comic relief" in the way of little adventures that happened to the party on the yacht does not impress the candid stranger as particularly uproarious, and, since the book is intended for general circulation, these touches might have been omitted without eclipsing the gayety of nations.

In "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem" (Macmillan), Mr. Stephen Graham writes with full sympathy for the point of view of the devout, simple-minded, credulous peasants whose companion he became on the trip by boat from Constantinople to Jaffa and thence on foot to the holy places. He does not share their faith in the coarse frauds shown to them, but admires the spirit behind it: for him "true religion takes its rise out of mystery, and not out of miracle" (p. 286). He is not seriously repelled even by the "gospel of stupidity" preached by the strange fanatic monk, Father Yevgeny, on board the crowded, filthy pilgrim vessel. His tone throughout the book is indicated by the opening words of his preface: "The journey of the Russian peasants to Jerusalem has never been described before in any language, not even in Russian. Yet it is the most significant thing in the Russian life of to-day. In the story lies a great national epic." With a genuinely successful effort to catch the spirit of the most unintellectual among the great Christian churches, Mr. Graham unites a winning

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literary style. "Dear old Dyadya" and "Abraham, the Eternal Pilgrim" are living figures in his book, whether or not the reader shares the author's opinion of them. The description of the baptism in the Jordan is masterly in its quiet, dignified feeling, coupled with a frank recognition of the external grotesqueness of the scene. The volume is illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the author.

In the six neat octavo volumes of their series of "Tabulæ in Usum Scholarum," soon to be followed by others, Marcus & Weber, of Bonn, make it possible for every one interested in Greece, Rome, and mediæval and Renaissance Europe to form his own library of facsimiles. At a cost of six marks per volume (except for No. 6) one can possess the cream of the great collections which are too expensive for even most college libraries. The publishers and editors are to be congratulated on the excellent quality of the reproductions, the judicious choice of subjects, and the high standard of the accompanying letter-press and bibliographies. In Vol. I, the editors have drawn upon the Greek MSS. of the Vatican for a connected series of facsimiles beginning with the Codex Vaticanus (one of the oldest Bible MSS.), and the venerable Dio Cassius, and terminating with several dated MSS. of the Renaissance. South Italian monasteries are well represented. Vol. II forms an admirable introduction to the new science of papyrology. It includes the oldest literary papyrus, Timotheus's "Persians," and the marriage contract of 311 B. C.; the only original yet discovered of an Egyptian Governor's edict; several ostraca; a good wax tablet; the oldest fragment of a parchment codex of any Greek classic; a leaf of Euripides's lost "Cretans," of the second century of our era; and many dated business documents and letters, with several literary fragments, especially of Homer.

Vol. III begins with reproductions of five Virgil MSS. and of the Bembine Terence. Among the other MSS. may be specially mentioned the famous palimpsest of Cicero's "De Republica," the Lateran Livy, the Latin-Arabic New Testament fragment of Sigüenza, and interesting Humanistic MSS. from 800 on. Almost all are accurately dated. No. IV is especially valuable. The early inscriptions, from the Lapis Niger on, are well represented. The bulk of the plates reproduce the walls of the Galleria Lapidaria of the Vatican; the reviewer has for years used his own photographs of these very inscriptions for classroom instruction, and found them most satisfactory material. Among the other plates are two of the ancient map of Rome, the Forma Urbis; the famous Damasus inscription, and fourteen of mediæval and Renaissance inscriptions, largely dated; several are of interest to the art student, particularly the beautiful photograph of the tomb of Nicholas V. Vol. V contains specimens of the handwriting of Erasmus, Pirkheimer, Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, Calvin, and a host of other distinguished men of the sixteenth century—indispensable to the student of the history and literature of that period. Vol. VI is the most profusely and beautifully illustrated of the Tabulæ, and of great general interest. The plates open with the Gizeh portrait statues in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; Delbrück utilizes several other statues and busts in American collections, and the Copenhagen Glyptothek gives him some of his handsomest subjects. Of special interest or beauty are the Teje and Amenophis II of Berlin; the Turin Rameses II; the Takuschit at Athens; the Boston Menander; the Harvard Amastris (?); several busts of stylish Roman ladies, and three or four painted portraits. The last five plates are beautiful facsimiles of Greek and Roman portraits on gems and coins; the cameos are particularly remarkable.

The twenty-five pages of bibliography which follow the one hundred and sixty-five pages of text in the "Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck," by Jethro Bithell, are quite correct in their suggestion that the virtue of the text itself is mainly bibliographical. The author shows a creditably wide acquaintance with recent French, Belgian, and German works, but with the indications of the whereabouts of various books and articles in these languages and in English, his capacity for service is virtually exhausted. The criticism is the embarrassed and haphazard criticism of the unpracticed man, unfurnished either with vivid personal impressions or with any fixed method in the appropriation and assimilation of materials supplied by others. Some of the judgments are naïve. One may respect the real imaginative power exhibited in works like "Les Aveugles" and "L'Intruse," and yet be surprised to see them brandished over Lessing's head in triumphant refutation of his dictum that no man can write a good tragedy before thirty. For these deficiencies in matter the style offers meagre compensations. The author, who is nothing if not contemporaneous, feels the full constraint of the modern obligation to be easy, and the injection of sociable parentheses into sentences not too shapely at the outset is carried out with unflinching perseverance. What the cult of vividness has in store for us when it shall have wrought its pûre and perfect work among its less enlightened votaries may be inferred from the following comment on "Aglavaine et Sélysette": "What Maeterlinck has contributed to the problem is that he makes the two women love each other as well as the man they sandwich." (Published by Walter Scott.)

It is to be regretted that George L. Clark's "Silas Deane: A Connecticut Leader in the American Revolution" (Putnam) should not have been written with less partisan fervor and more scholarly thoroughness. Mr. Clark appears to have used the well-known printed collections of Deane papers and a few other standard works; but the particular sources of extracts and statements of fact are nowhere indicated and the documents are in many cases so carelessly and inaccurately quoted as to throw doubt upon the quality of the entire work. Of the main facts of Deane's life, Mr. Clark gives a readable account, though one marred by frequent inelegance of language and occasional repetition. His heated partisanship, however, joined to sneers at those of Deane's contemporaries who distrusted or opposed him, overtops the mark, and will do little more, we fear, than confirm the opinions of such as are already convinced. The crucial test of Deane's career is not that he exceeded his instructions, for his instructions were vague and scanty enough to leave him pretty much to his own discretion; or that his accounts were in confusion, for his transactions were of necessity devious, and he had no time to put his papers in order when recalled by Congress; or that he was believed to have used his office for private gain or to have accepted later an English bribe, for his long years of poverty negative such an assumption. What brought upon him obloquy and contempt was the fact that, in a moment of disappointment, despondency, and chagrin, he lost faith in the American cause and wrote in favor of reconciliation with Great Britain. For that, far removed as it might be from treason, there was no forgiveness. Mr. Clark's defence is that Deane's discouragement, and his weakness in yielding to it, were not greater than Elijah's, or John the Baptist's, or Savonarola's, or Jerome of Prague's, or Luther's. We cannot think the argument convincing, even when supported by such startling illustrations.

Grimmelshausen's "Simplicissimus" is one of the most remarkable books produced in Germany in the seventeenth century. It is now for the first time translated into English (Dutton). The translator, or editor, who signs himself A. T. S. G., reveals in the preface singular views as to the history of German literature, saying, for example, that there is little reflecting the spirit of the German people "to be discovered in the prose romances which appeared between the time of Grimmelshausen and that of Jean Paul Richter. But the influence of the latter was completely swept away in the torrent of idealism by which the fictions of the idolized Goethe and his followers were characterized, and his domestic realism has only of late made its reappearance in disquieting and sordid forms." What is said of Grimmelshausen is true enough, though it takes no account of German scholarship since 1877. The important matter is, however, that the translation, in somewhat archaic but fluent English, is accurate and idiomatic. The publishers have given the book, in paper, print, and binding, a pleasant suggestion of previous generations.

With "Dante and the Mystics" (Dutton) Mr. E. G. Gardner adds another excellent study to those he has already devoted to the great Italian poet-apostle. In this book he surveys the writings of the early Christian and mediæval mystics, from St. Augustine and Dionysius to Ubertino da Casale and the Mechthilds of Magdeburg and Hackeborn, and cites their many anticipations of essential doctrines and particular conceptions of the "Divine Comedy." The quotations have for the most part been adduced before, but they have never before been brought into a collection so well ordered and so illuminating. Mediæval mysticism takes two principal forms. One is the religious experience described by St. Catherine of Siena, known as the spiritual espousals of the soul with Christ. The other is an intellectual anticipation of the vision of the Divine Essence, as in the *momentum intelligentiæ* after which St. Augustine and St. Monica sighed. Dante's mysticism is for the most part of the latter type, but his sympathy with the experiences of emotional mysticism is none

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the less strong and constant. Several of Mr. Gardner's own suggestions are very interesting. The *colle* of the first Inferno is, he thinks, Richard of St. Victor's mountain of the knowledge of self. On the basis of Richard's interpretation of Leah, Mr. Gardner suggests that Matelda is "affectio divina inspiratione inflammata, ad normam iustitiæ seipsam componens." One of the appendices contains a passage from the life of Celestine V, by Thomas of Sulmona, in which it is related that Celestine, when fleeing in disguise, after the *gran rifiuto*, was miraculously recognized by all the strangers whom he met. This gives a new meaning to the "vidi e conobbi" of Dante's lines.

Mary G. Steegmann has made a readable book on the life of Bianca Cappello (Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Company). It follows in general plan the model which has been exploited in England for a dozen years past, where biographies of the famous, and infamous, personages of the Italian Renaissance have been served up for popular reading. The wealth of illustrations and, even more, the varied and startling crimes of the heroes and heroines have given these books vogue. Bianca Cappello unquestionably merits the attention of the historian, because, except Emma Hart, probably no other modern courtesan played a more conspicuous rôle. The beautiful Venetian adventuress succeeded in making herself the wife of Francesco de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany. Miss Steegmann has evidently read the authorities, besides making herself familiar with the Florentine environment of the second half of the sixteenth century. She writes for fairly intelligent readers, not for specialists, and, except for the occasional use of theatrical expressions, she refrains from fine writing. Of the astonishing interest of Bianca's career, we need not speak.

Science

To their History of the Sciences series, Henry Holt & Co. add this week "The History of Psychology," in two volumes, by James Mark Baldwin.

An addition to the rapidly growing literature on economic geography has been made by Prof. J. Russell Smith with a large volume entitled "Industrial and Commercial Geography" (Holt). This book has been in preparation for a considerable time, and its appearance has been awaited with interest by many geographers and economists throughout this country. The author has followed the lead of earlier writers within the same field in undertaking to interpret the earth in its relation to man. Particular emphasis, however, is placed upon the economic activities of man himself rather than upon the natural features of the earth which constitute his physical environment. The author's point of view is well illustrated in his statement that the book "deals with human activities as affected by the earth, rather than with parts of the earth as they affect human activities." The work is divided into two distinct parts, as suggested by the compound title. Two-thirds of the volume is concerned with a rather detailed discussion, supplemented by numerous charts and diagrams, of the world's principal industries. Here are included not only those industries which arise from the cultivation of the soil, grazing, lumbering, mining, and fishing, but also the numerous lines of manufacture associated with chemicals, machinery, and shipping. No attempt has been made to arrange the material by regions or even by political divisions, as has been the custom of many earlier writers. On the contrary, each industry, although it portrays, at least to a limited extent, the trade activities of the separate countries, is treated as a unit irrespective of its predominance in any particular country. In a word, the subject has been approached from the monographic rather than from the geographic standpoint.

The second part of Professor Smith's book is given over to a discussion of the commerce of the world, and is largely descriptive. Here the author seems to have drawn rather freely at times upon his earlier works, entitled "The Organization of Ocean Commerce" and "The Ocean Carrier." The world's principal trade routes are described and the volume of commerce that traverses them is considered. Furthermore, an attempt is made to explain the causes, mainly geographic and economic, which have given rise to the great shipping centres of the continents. And, finally, the influence of geographic factors upon the commercial policies of nations is discussed. For the use of those readers who desire a fuller treatment of the various topics than the general plan of the book would admit, there has been included a list of references at the close of the chapters.

Dr. Charles McBurney, the well-known New York surgeon, died suddenly at the home of his sister in Brookline, Mass., on Friday; this was scarcely a week after his return from a hunting trip in Maine. In late years he had been in broken health and lived in retirement on his estate at Stockbridge, Mass. He was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1845, received his A.B. from Harvard in 1866, in 1869 the A.M., and the following year the degree of M.D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In this college, after being an assistant and lecturer, he became in 1889 professor of surgery; from 1892 to 1907 he was professor of clinical surgery, and then was made emeritus professor. It was particularly in hospital work that Dr. McBurney gained the experience which made him so eminent as an authority in accident cases. For thirteen years he was the chief consulting surgeon at Roosevelt Hospital, and through him the private pavilion in West Fifty-ninth Street, directly opposite the College of Physicians and Surgeons, known as the William J. Syms Operating Pavilion, was erected in 1892. Dr. McBurney, it will be recalled, was summoned to attend President McKinley at the time of his assassination. Among the medical societies of which the surgeon was a member or honorary member were those of Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, and Constantinople.

Sir William Henry Preece, former engineer-in-chief and electrician of the British Post Office, died in London on Thursday of last week. Born in Wales in 1834 and educated at King's College, London, he was an authority on the telegraph and telephone, having introduced the latter in England. In the early eighties he also began experiments with wireless, and it was through his support that Marconi was enabled to build up his system in England. Sir William Preece collaborated with various friends on telephonic and telegraphic manuals.

Alfred Russel Wallace, an appreciation of whose scientific achievements is given on another page, died in London on Friday, in his ninety-first year. He was born at Usk in Monmouthshire, and after studying at the Hertford Grammar School, he became a surveyor and architect. He was engaged in scientific expeditions to the Amazon and to the Malay archipelago; in 1886-1887 he lectured in America. His published works include: "Travels on the Amazon," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," "The Malay Archipelago," "Natural Selection," "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," "Tropical Nature," "Australasia," "Island Life," "Land Nationalization," "Bad Times," "Darwinism," "Vaccination a Delusion," "The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and Failures," "Studies, Scientific and Social," "Man's Place in the Universe," "My Life," "Is Mars Habitable?" "The World of Life," and "Social Environment and Moral Progress," the last-named having been published so late as last year.

Drama and Music

Plays by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norwegian with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The plays of Bjørnson deserve an English version as complete and authoritative as Mr. Archer's Ibsen. Mr. Björkman, neither in his choice of plays nor in the quality of his translations, has made an attempt to begin such a task. He has chosen "En Hanske" ("A Gauntlet"), which has been put into English at least three times before, most recently by Mr. Farquharson Sharp, for the volume published in Everyman's Library; "Over Evne," Part I ("Beyond Our Power"), which has been translated into English at least once before; and "Det ny System" ("The New System"), translated here, we believe, for the first time. The first play is a plea for equality in purity between the sexes, the second a study in the futility of religious and therapeutic hysteria, and the third a revelation of the heroism required for a successful fight against rotten commercial morality. It is particularly disappointing that the author should not have replaced "En Hanske" by a translation of the powerful second part of "Over Evne."

The volume is, in no sense, then, a promise of a complete English version of Bjørnson's plays. As a matter of fact, it is unworthy of Mr. Björkman.

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It seems to have been written in haste; at any rate, it contains much English familiar only to the hack translator. Annoying ignorance of English idioms like the following greet the reader on almost every page: "Think only" (for "Just think of it"); the question, "Have you read it?" is answered, "If I have read it?"; "It put such courage into us, as if we might make the whole world over." "I am thinking of—thinking of—of what our dear daughter is made up."

With this sort of translation American readers are, alas! all too familiar. In the present case it not only produces the usual fatigue and irritation, but it also gives a false impression of Bjørnson. It makes him seem queer, remote, and orphic, when he is really unusually straightforward and colloquial. English readers will get a much better notion of "En Hanske" by reading the inaccurate but thoroughly idiomatic version of it appearing in Everyman's Library.

The three plays give a fair impression of one of the least original elements of Bjørnson's versatile genius—his ability to present a study of a social problem in a severely realistic play. In both "The New System" and "A Gauntlet" he clearly imitated work which Ibsen had done immediately before him. The first was written two years after "The Pillars of Society" and is dangerously like it in both subject and plot. "A Gauntlet," written after "Ghosts," in a manner infinitely less effective than that of Ibsen, demands sexual purity of the man. In both of these plays Bjørnson is flighty and indecisive, largely because he insists on preaching the cure for evils that he has not taken the time thoroughly to understand.

"Beyond our Power," a drama written without thought of the stage, is not so clearly a play of social comment. It is an imaginative account of the self-deception of a Pastor Sang, a clergyman in a remote part of Norway, who believes that he can work miracles through the power of prolonged trance-like prayer. As a reflection of life amid the bleak and stern rocks of the more Arctic parts of Norway, the play is impressive. As a criticism of the life which it portrays, it remains incoherent, largely because Bjørnson writes of Pastor Sang not with the poise of an observer, but with the enthusiasm of a devotee.

All of these plays are permeated with the author's great energy. Written as they were with a gusto which is unmistakable even in the translations, they give the reader a sense of immense moral earnestness confused by its very vehemence. Indeed, Bjørnson, preacher as he was and wished to be, talked more effectively through his personality than through his work. He was the man he wished his countrymen to be. His life and spirit transcended the small intellectual and social conditions against which he fought. His personality was the enthusiasm he wished to instil into the cynical and jaded pragmatists of his country. For all these reasons Bjørnson was, and always will be, of much greater importance to Norway than to the rest of the world. His peasant stories and some of his comedies we may continue to read with sheer delight. His social dramas we shall consult only as students of the life of the North.

Lady Gregory's "Our Irish Theatre" is promised by Holt this week.

The Oxford Shakespeare—the complete works—has been reissued by the Oxford University Press, with the addition of forty-nine full-page illustrations, many of them in colors. Reproductions have been made of paintings of Shakespearean scenes by W. Hamilton, F. Wheatley, Edwin Abbey, J. F. Rigaud, Henrietta Rae, R. Smirke, R. Westall, and others. The editors have also used W. W. Quatremain's water-colors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford and of Ann Hathaway's cottage.

The "General John Regan" of George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay), produced in the Hudson Theatre, proved to be one of the most entertaining Irish comedies witnessed here in a generation. Many of the pieces presented here by the Abbey Theatre players, while strong in a dramatic and imaginative sense, and essentially truthful in spite of their admixture of fact and idealism, were neither attractive nor convincing. Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, and their associates were dealing with types wilder and older than those employed by Mr. Birmingham—a point which has to be borne in mind—but the fact remains that to the ordinary comprehension they seem less real and less human. The story of "General John Regan" is as slight as it is improbable. An American tourist—to amuse himself—declares that he is preparing a biography of a famous soldier and patriot, ex-president of Bolivia, who was born in the town of Ballymoy, the scene of action. He wonders there is no statue of this purely imaginary hero in his native place. A local doctor, Lucius O'Grady, promptly declares that there is a statue, and that the Lord Lieutenant is soon coming to unveil it. He then provides the American with all sorts of details of the imaginary Regan's early life, and by sheer force of impudence compels his friends, an innkeeper, a priest, an ex-major, an editor, and others, to back him up in his assertions and help him to convert them into solid fact. And he carries all his plans into effect in the face of all sorts of difficulties and puts up his statue—a second-hand figure from an undertaker's stock—in face of the American's assertion that no such person as Regan ever existed. This yarn, of course, is farcical. It is simply a framework to hang the different characters on; but these are all vital and easily recognizable types. The doctor, the mainspring who moves all the other puppets, is, of course, in one sense an imaginary creature, but he is, nevertheless, genuinely Irish in his audacity, his humor, and his resourcefulness. In England it has been played, with immense success, by Charles Hawtrey, the most accomplished stage liar of his day. Here it was undertaken by Arnold Daly, an actor of second-rate powers, with less striking results. But he succeeded partly, by the sheer force of opportunity. Harry Harwood, as an innkeeper; W. G. Fay, as an editor; A. G. Andrews, as a landlord, and Maire O'Neill, as a servant girl, were all exceedingly good. The general representation was excellent, and the mingled wit and humor of the dialogue kept the audience in continuous merriment.

Rehearsals are in progress at the Little Theatre, in London, of G. K. Chesterton's fantastic comedy, "Magic." The cast is now complete, and includes O. P. Heggie, Franklin Dyall, Fred Lewis, William Farren, and Frank Randall. The piece contains only one female character, which has been allotted to Grace Croft.

The publishing house of G. Schirmer has opened a large branch in London, for the special promotion and sale of American music throughout England and the Continent.

Of Paderewski, Sir Frederic Cowen writes in his reminiscences, just published:

We would sometimes go and have a game of billiards together, or else occasionally he would come to my house, and leave behind him not only lasting memories of his wonderful piano-playing, but more expensive ones in the form of jarred strings and broken hammers. He was not accustomed to the touch and mechanism of a small Broadwood grand.

Next to his art, keeping late hours and playing billiards were his favorite occupations—and probably are so still. I recollect one evening, in a provincial hotel, when several of us adjourned to the billiard room, to find it on the point of being closed. This would not do for Paderewski, so we induced the manager, at the risk of losing his license, to allow us to play sub rosa. The shutters were shut, the door was locked, and we played on until close upon five o'clock in the morning.

The catalogue of the British Museum Library contains no fewer than thirty-three pages of books by or relating to Richard Wagner, while the list of his compositions, with the selections and diverse arrangements of them, runs to 183 pages. The latest addition to the list of books concerning Wagner, issued in London, is by Percy Lindley. It is entitled "Parsifal and Wagner's Other Operas," and sets forth in simple language the story of Wagner's last music-drama, together with notes on its composition, a bibliography, and a record of first representations in Europe and America. Original casts and dates of first performances of other of Wagner's operas are also included in the book.

Evidently Cosima and Siegfried had no reason to fear competition from the performances of "Parsifal" to be given in many European cities as soon as the copyright expires on the last day of this year. News comes from Bayreuth that the demand for tickets for next summer's festival has exceeded all records.

Bizet's "Carmen" a few weeks ago had its 500th performance in Brussels.

Concert agencies in Prussia are alarmed at the agitation to pass a law which regu-

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lates their business and allows an agent a commission of 5 per cent. as a maximum.

Art

Colonial Furniture in America. By Luke Vincent Lockwood. New and greatly enlarged edition, with 867 illustrations of representative pieces. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $25 net.

Any notion that this country is barren of artistic traditions should be dispelled by perusal of this book. Making allowance for the derived character of early American cabinet work, a dispassionate critic, comparing this publication with any of the standard expositions of European national styles, must feel that the colonists, during the better part of a century and a half, made furniture which in exquisiteness of design, refinement of motive, adaptation to use, and the other marks of a vital, progressive art stood up well with that of any contemporary nation. The arts of an era, whether noble or ignoble, spring out of the common life; and merely to glance through the illustrations of Mr. Lockwood's book, especially if one is already familiar with recent works on American silver, is to realize that Copley and Stuart were not accidental. One wonders why, indeed, there were not more Copleys.

Moralizing on this theme may be inspired by Mr. Lockwood's book, but nothing of the kind will be found within its covers. Like most works of its sort, it avoids generalizations. It is throughout explicit, particular, and descriptive. It necessarily contains much repetition. Over and over again occur variants of this phraseology: "The cornice is heavier than in the preceding figure and consists of a quarter-round, a fillet, a cyma recta, a fillet, a cove, a fillet, a cyma reversa, a fillet and a cove. The dimensions are 7 feet 3 inches in height, 6 feet 2½ inches in width." One longs at times for a little more grace of style to help carry one over the details. English writers on the arts and crafts often put into their work a vigor of expression and intensity of conviction that does not in the least hurt its precision and clarity Mr. Lockwood, like most American authors of books of this class, affects an almost legal dulness of manner. One notes here and there a carelessness that is surprising in a master of arts of Trinity College. The grammarian in one resents so inexcusable a slip as this, from page 43, Vol. I: "At the base of each of the outer ones is cut two geometrical designs, and in the centre one is carved three rosettes." One wonders, again, what proofreader failed to "query" this sentence from page 51 of the same volume: "All the oak chests were made in the most substantial manner; the oak forming the frame, and the sides of the drawers is about one and a quarter inches in thickness."

Against the subject matter of this edition, which contains 651 pages, as against 352 pages in the 1902 edition, little can be said, unless the author's judgment should be challenged as regards an occasional choice or omission. It might conceivably be urged that the new work would have gained in appearance of catholicity if the author, in the decade between editions, had gone a little further afield among easily accessible public and private collections. In this, as in the earlier work, but two pieces have been selected from the very important collections of the American Antiquarian Society, in whose new building at Worcester are several valuable objects of furniture acquired in the past few years. If nothing else were taken from this collection (besides the two-seated chair and a slate-topped table which are described), one would have expected at least that mention should be made of an extremely interesting turned chair brought to this country by or for Richard Mather.

Again, since it seemed wise to include under bedsteads a picture and description of the famous Countess of Devon bed, which is not in this country at all, it might be asked whether the claims were considered of Mrs. James A. Garland's Elizabethan bed, with the original hangings, which was shown at the Copley Society's retrospective exhibition of the decorative arts in Copley Hall, Boston, 1911. The legend that Queen Elizabeth slept in this bed may or may not be founded in fact; the piece of furniture, at all events, is very remarkable, and would interest many readers. Several illustrations have been drawn from the admirable collections of Dwight Blaney, Francis H. Bigelow, Hollis French, and Dwight M. Prouty. It is natural to ask why nothing was obtained from the superb collection of Mr. Charles H. Tyler.

These omissions are noted only to suggest to the reader and prospective purchaser the limitations of even the best book yet published on American Colonial furniture. The author's great indebtedness to the Bolles collection of the Metropolitan Museum and the Pendleton collection at the Rhode Island School of Design is evident.

Longmans, Green & Co. have in press "Policy and Paint, or Some Incidents in the Lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens," by the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby."

We have received the very handsome privately printed catalogue, "The Ffoulke Collection of Tapestries." Charles Mather Ffoulke early won a competence as a merchant. Being invalided, he turned to travel and collecting. His studies of tapestry began in the Archæological Museum at Florence about 1887, and three years later came the opportunity to buy the entire Barberini collection of 135 pieces. At various times Mr. Ffoulke added some 50 pieces to this nucleus. His later years were passed in Washington, where his tapestry gallery was a place of resort. He devoted himself generously to all good public causes connected with art, and died in 1909 deeply regretted. The collections of tapestries constantly overflowed the Washington house, and many were sold, notably the Romanelli life of Christ from the Barberini looms, which now decorates the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This catalogue registers all the pieces that passed through Mr. Ffoulke's hands, about 300, and thus is a record of twenty years of indefatigable collecting. The catalogue portion is compiled from his own notes, there is a personal and biographical preface by Glenn Brown, and a general introduction by the Belgian expert, Ernest Verlant. None of the Ffoulke tapestries antedates the sixteenth century, and most are of the seventeenth and from Flemish looms. The famous makes of Beauvais, Aubusson, and Gobelins are also well represented, with a sprinkling of Italian examples. Mr. Ffoulke evidently loved the fully developed pictorial styles, and was singularly neglectful of the lovely Gothic weaves and their naïve derivatives in sixteenth-century Germany. He was successful in getting considerable portions of famous series, such as the Months of Lucas and the Achilles suite designed by Rubens. About a hundred of the pieces are finely reproduced, a few in colors, so that the catalogue forms a valuable repertory of classic examples. It is printed in folio on fine paper, the composition and press work revealing that fastidious excellence which one expects in publications bearing Frederic Fairchild Sherman's imprint. The edition is limited to 250 copies, and sells at $50 net.

Finance

THE CAUSES OF GLOOM.

It is a familiar comment of the day that a cloud of gloom has enveloped all the great money markets of the world, and the prevailing inference is that all of them are in the same box, and that the box is an extremely uncomfortable one. But this conception of the position of affairs requires more close examination. There are certain underlying influences which affect all financial communities, but even that is largely because of the influence of some markets upon others. The particular distresses of Europe are not present in this country in any similar measure; but we feel them here, because we are cut off from the usual access to Europe's resources of capital. In America, there is absolutely nothing of such apprehension as there was in the early autumn of 1907, for instance, that our large financial interests are caught in a trap.

We are, in fact, already well past the time of year when the cord of credit had absolutely snapped on that occasion, and no one is talking of a "crisis."

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The situation has quite as little resemblance to the autumn of 1906, when Wall Street gasped with dismay at the intimation that European lenders, to whom we were indebted for prodigious lines of credit, were shutting their doors to the New York borrowers. On both of those occasions, the machinery of American finance was seriously out of gear; everything was over-exploited; we had used up our own capital and had run to the limit of our command of Europe's capital resources. We were the danger-point of the whole uncomfortable situation, and nobody knew it better than ourselves.

Thanks to our retrenchment of the past few years, our prudent finance, our proper utilization of the bounties of nature, and our suppressing of extravagant speculation, we are not in an intrinsically weak position to-day, but in a position intrinsically very strong. London does not threaten to refuse us credit which (as in 1906) we might use in drawing on the Bank of England's gold; it sends us gold to which it admits we are entitled as a matter of commercial settlement, but urges us not to insist upon our rights. Paris has not been taking our new securities up to the hilt; it has been taking our gold in unprecedented quantities, on a basis which makes the French market our debtor on the economic balance sheet. This is scarcely a situation which can be described as a show of weakness on our part.

But it is equally true that we cannot wholly disentangle ourselves from the embarrassments of Europe, and the European situation is certainly difficult to read. How much of the gloom and apprehension which appear in all foreign comments on the foreign situation is a matter of mood and sentiment, and how much the result of something radically wrong with European finance, one hesitates to say. It is at least extraordinary—unprecedented is not too strong a word—that Lombard Street should be talking of a 6 per cent. bank rate when the Bank of England holds a gold reserve never but once exceeded at this time of year, with a ratio of reserve to liabilities abnormally high for November. Such things give a sense of unreality to the situation, whose embarrassments, nevertheless, are extremely real.

What we know of the tangible factors in that foreign situation is that capital was in exceptionally active use up to the middle of 1912; that Paris had been lending with rather rash profusion to all the rest of the world; that Berlin and Vienna had been speculating extravagantly in stocks and land; that the Balkan War came like a thunderbolt into that vulnerable position; that, ever since, the Continental public has been sitting on its money, equally distrusting banks, governments, and investment securities, and that, in the very face of this, the Continental Governments have embarked on a career of unexampled extravagance in tax requisitions and money market borrowings. These are the patent facts.

It used to be an accepted maxim that Europe had to go through an economic crisis once every ten years or so. One of them came with the Paris crash of 1882; another in the Baring trouble of 1890; a third in the "Boer War panic" of 1899. It was not much more than a decade from then to 1912 and 1913. Nowadays, crises of this sort (except in the United States) are much more apt to be marked by a prolonged and exacting strain, followed by slow recovery, than by the sharp and sudden credit collapse of earlier years. When that is so, the gloom is apt to be deepest just before the horizon brightens.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, S. H. The Health Master. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Austin, Mary. The Lovely Lady. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Babson, R. W. The Future of the Working Classes. Boston: Babson's Statistical Organization.
Bain, Mildred. Horace Traubel. A. and C. Boni. 50 cents.
Barca, Mme. de la. Life in Mexico. No. 664 Everyman's Library. Dutton. 35 cents.
Bassett, S. W. The Story of Wool. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Beaumarchais's Le Barbier de Seville. Edited by F. H. Osgood. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Benson, E. F. Winter Sports in Switzerland. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.
Boos, W. F. At the Fountain Head. Boston: Small, Maynard. 60 cents net.
Bourne, H. E., and Benton, E. J. A History of the United States. Boston: Heath.
Bradley, G. D. The Story of the Pony Express. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
Brierley, J. Religion and To-day. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.
Brown, E. A. "Broke": The Man Without the Dime. Chicago: Browne & Howell. $1.50 net.
Cannon, F. J., and Knapp, G. L. Brigham Young and his Mormon Empire. Revell. $1.50 net.
Cave, Edward. The Boy Scout's Hike Book. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents.
Chamberlin, W. E. Sixty-five Charades. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
Cholmondeley, Mary. After All. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Clarke, J. T. Songs of the South: Selections from Southern Poets. Third edition. Doubleday, Page.
Comstock, H. T. A Son of the Hills. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Cornish, F. W. Jane Austen. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Curtis, A. T. A Little Maid of Province Town: The Little Runaways and Mother. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. 80 cents net, each.
Davis, Mrs. O. S. Mary Eliza's Wonder-Life. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Economy Administration Cook Book. Edited by S. R. Rhodes and G. P. Hopkins. Hammond, Ind.: W. B. Conkey Co.
Edwards, Agnes. Our Common Road. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Elliott, Howard. The Truth about the Railroads. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Fabre, J. H. The Life of the Fly. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Foerster, N., Manchester, F. A., and Young, K. Essays for College Men. Holt.
Galloway, T. W. Biology of Sex for Parents and Teachers. Boston: Heath.
Giambalvo, J. G. How to Become a Citizen of the United States. Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Author.
Gibbs, George. Madcap. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Gowen, H. H. An Outline History of China. Part II. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Gyp's Petit Bleu. Edited for school use by F. T. Meylan. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Hagedorn, Hermann. Poems and Ballads. Macmillan. $1 net.
Hanson, J. M. The Trail to El Dorado. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Hanus, P. H. School Efficiency. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Co.
Harry, Gerard. Man's Miracle: The Story of Helen Keller and Her European Sisters. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Heller, Edmund. New Races of Carnivores and Baboons from Equatorial Africa and Abyssinia. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.
Himmelwright, A. L. A. A Model Fire-Proof Farm House or Country Home. Neale Pub. Co. $1.
Hissey, J. J. A Leisurely Tour in England. Macmillan. $3 net.
Hole, W. G. The Master: A Poetical Play. London: Erskine MacDonald.
Holland, R. S. The Heart of Sally Temple. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Home Economics. Syllabus, prepared for the American Economics Association, Baltimore, Md. Publication No. 1.
Howard, Katharine. Eve. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Hutton, Edward. The Cities of Romagna and the Marches. Macmillan. $2.
Kephart, Horace. Our Southern Highlanders. Outing Pub. Co. $2.50 net.
Kinross, Martha. Tristram and Isoult. Macmillan.
Knoop, Douglas. Outlines of Railway Economics. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Kuhn, Albert. Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. Part I (total 18 parts). Benziger Bros. 35 cents.
Lagerlöf, Selma. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Translated from the Swedish, illustrated. Doubleday, Page.
Little Book of Modern American Verse. Selected and edited by J. B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Lucas, E. V. Harvest Home. Macmillan. $1 net.
Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters. Translated and edited by Preserved Smith. Vol. I. Phila.; Lutheran Pub. Society.
Lyde, L. W. The Continent of Europe. Macmillan. $2 net.
McCulloch-Williams, Martha. Dishes and Beverages of the Old South. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
McIntyre, J. T. In Kentucky with Daniel Boone; In the Rockies with Kit Carson. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. 75 cents net, each.
Macnaughtan, S. Snow Upon the Desert. Dutton. $1.35 net.
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Maspero, Gaston. Egyptian Art. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. D. Appleton.
Mercer, S. A. B. Extra-Biblical Sources for Hebrew and Jewish History. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Mulford, C. E. The Coming of Cassidy—and The Others. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Nichols, George. An Autobiography. Edited with notes, by his granddaughter. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press Co. $1.
Noyes, W. A. A Text-Book of Chemistry. Holt.
Oliver, T. E. Michel-Jean Sedaine. University of Illinois Press.
Paramananda, Swami. The Way of Peace and Blessedness. Boston: The Vedanta Centre. $1.
Rathbun, Richard. A Descriptive Account of the Building Recently Erected for the Departments of Natural History of the United States National Museum. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Representative English Comedies. Vol. II, The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare. Macmillan. $2 net.
Robinson, W. D. An Idealist at Large. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

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Shubert, Ethel. Stories of the Operas. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. In Thackeray's London. Pictures and Text. Doubleday, Page.
Spaeth, S. G. Milton's Knowledge of Music. Princeton University Library.
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Thébaud, A. J. Three-Quarters of a Century (1807 to 1882). Vol. II, Italy. United States Catholic Historical Society.
Townsend, J. W. Kentucky in American Letters. 2 vols. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press.
Vallois, G. M. First Steps in Collecting. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Warde, Frederick. The Fools of Shakespeare. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Watt, Francis. R. L. S. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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